

THE Tatler

& Bystander 2s.6d. weekly 27 June 1962



Wimbledon: The style-makers

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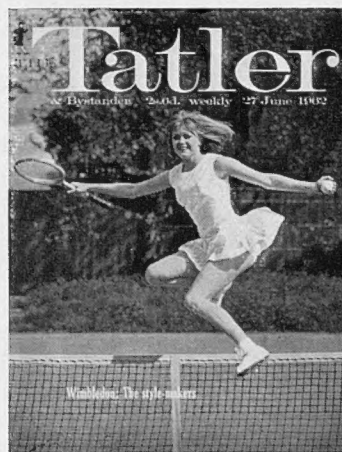
THE Tatler

& BYSTANDER 2s 6d WEEKLY

27 JUNE, 1962

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The cover girl clears the net in style matched by the cut of her tennis tunic by Teddy Tinling, with its design of cornflowers around the hem. From Harrods; Finnigan, Wilmslow; Beales, Bournemouth, price: 9 gns. Alec Murray took the colour picture as well as the black and white fashion section—see page 792 onwards. But it's not only clothes that count at Wimbledon. Denzil Batchelor talked to some prominent people behind the players and his findings are reported in The Style-makers (see page 787). Jack Esten took the pictures

GOING PLACES

SOCIAL & SPORTING

Royal Garden Parties: Holyroodhouse, 3 July; Buckingham Palace, 13, 19, 24 July.

The Queen will attend a gala performance of *Sail Away*, at the Savoy Theatre, in aid of the Edwina Mountbatten Trust, 28 June.

Princess Margaret will be present at "A Night On Board s.s. Homeric" in aid of Docklands Settlements, 6 July.

Princess Margaret & the Earl of Snowdon will attend a gala performance of the London Festival Ballet at the Royal Festival Hall on 16 July, in aid of the Royal College of Nursing.

The Queen will attend a Masque in the Egyptian Hall, Mansion House, on 9 July, in connection with the City of London Festival.

Indian Army Reunion Garden Party, Hurlingham Club, 29 June.

All-England Tennis Championships, Wimbledon, to 7 July.

Greyhound Derby, White City Stadium, 30 June.

Royal Show, Town Moor, Newcastle upon Tyne, 3-6 July.

Law Society v. Lords & Commons cricket match, Hurlingham Club, 3 July.

Henley Royal Regatta, 4-7 July.

Royal Windsor Rose Show, Windsor Castle Grounds, 6, 7 July.

City of London Festival, 9-21 July.

British-American Ball, Dorchester, 10 July. (Tickets, £3 3s. inc. dinner, from Miss Frances Murphy, 29 Lissenden Gardens, N.W.5. GUL 4352.)

Royal Tournament, Earls Court, 11-28 July.

Open Day at Chartwell, nr. Westerham, Kent, in aid of the Y.W.C.A., by kind permission of Sir Winston & Lady Churchill, 11 July. (10.30 a.m.-8 p.m., admission 2s.)

British Empire Games Ball, Grosvenor House, 12 July. (Tickets, £3 3s., inc. dinner, from Mr. R. G. Hinks. MAY 6253.)

Ocean Wave Ball, Savoy, for the British Sailors Society, 17 July. (Tickets: £3 5s., inc. dinner, from Miss Betty Nisbet. KNI 5108.)

CRICKET

Third Test Match, England v. Pakistan, Leeds, 6-10 July.

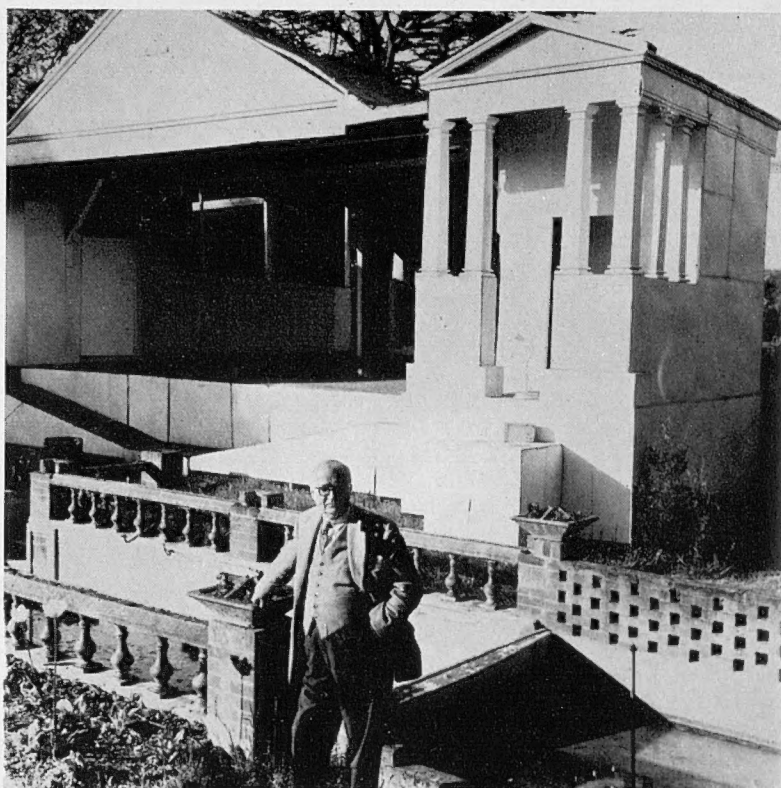
RACE MEETINGS

Flat: Catterick Bridge, today; Newbury, Yarmouth, today & 28; Newcastle, 28-30; Doncaster, Windsor, 29, 30; Newmarket, 30 June; Edinburgh, Wolverhampton, Brighton, 2, 3; Newmarket, 3-5 July.

MUSICAL

Royal Ballet, Covent Garden. *Le Lac Des Cygnes*, 27 June, 3 July; *Les Patineurs*, *Giselle*, 29 June, 5 July; *La Fille Mal Gardée*, 7 July. 7.30 p.m. (cov 1066.)

Covent Garden Opera. *L'Heure Espagnole*, *Erwartung*, *Gianni Schicchi*, 28 June, 2, 6 July (last perfs.); *Otello*, 30 June, 7, 10



ANTHONY HADEN-GUEST

● Opera and ballet will be performed on an open-air stage at the Hintlesham Festival which opens on Friday. Mr. Anthony Stokes, (above) founded the Festival 12 years ago on local talent. This year, attractions include the Ballet Rambert, singer Georgia Brown, a poetry & jazz session, and an art exhibition. The setting—Hintlesham Hall, in Suffolk—is one of the loveliest among British festivals

July, 7.30 p.m. *Aida*, 9, 13 July, 7 p.m. (End of opera season.)

Country House Concerts. Nostell Priory, nr. Wakefield, Dartington String Quartet, 6.30 p.m., 1 July; Dyrham Park, nr. Bath, "The Vagaries of Love," by the Apollo Society, 7.30 p.m., 8 July. (PRI 7142.)

Sadler's Wells Opera. *Boulevard Solitude* (Henze) tonight & 30 June; *Albert Herring* (Britten) 28, 29 June, 7.30 p.m. (TER 1672/3.)

Royal Festival Hall. Jazz concert with The Temperance Seven, 8 p.m., 28 June; Moscow Chamber Orchestra, 29 June, 3 July, 8 p.m.; B.B.C. Light

Music Festival, 7.30 p.m., 30 June. (WAT 3191.)

Kenwood Lakeside Concert. London Symphony Orchestra, 7.30 p.m., 30 June.

FESTIVALS

Cheltenham Festival of Contemporary Music, 1-13 July.

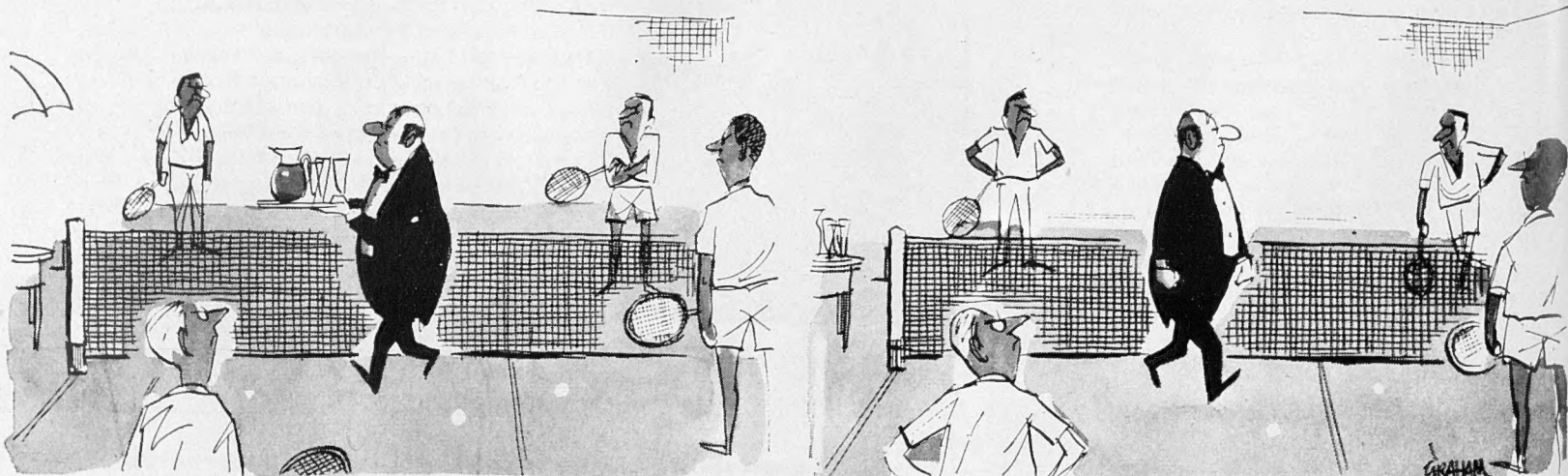
Ludlow Summer Festival, to 8 July.

Hallé Festival, Harrogate, to 7 July.

OPEN AIR THEATRE

A Midsummer Night's Dream, Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park, 7.45 p.m. (HUN 1813.)

BRIGGS by Graham





The climax of The Enchanted, Giraudoux' play being presented by R.A.D.A. at the Vanbrugh Theatre. Isabel, a French schoolteacher played by Karin Fernald (the director John Fernald's daughter), has fallen in love with a ghost who has carried her to death. Her fiancé (John Steiner) revives her with the noises of everyday life—gossip, and (behind them) her pupils reciting multiplication tables

The international lake

THE FIRST THING TO REMEMBER about the Alps is that the snow that creates the ski resorts in winter can just as easily turn to rain in summer. Even on the southern slopes around Lake Como, one can be treated to some spectacular thunderstorms. The chief lakes north of the Alps are Geneva and Constance, which has a common border with Germany, Switzerland and Austria. So close together, the national characteristics are not especially apparent but economic ones are: cigarettes, coffee, chocolate, shoes and knitted things are the great buys of Switzerland; more knitwear and some semi-precious jewellery, the prize of Austria. Equally, people cross over into Germany to buy cameras, binoculars, some leather goods and excellent sun glasses at way below international prices. Since I made my each and every shopping expedition on the wrong day, let it be forever recorded that Monday is early closing on the Swiss side, Wednesday for the lake resorts on the German side, and Thursday for Bregenz, the nearest point in Austria.

When the weather smiles, Constance is an attractive lake. It hasn't the classical landscape, the romantic, slightly decadent appeal of



Como and parts of Garda—but then we are, by definition, still in northern Europe. The twin axes of the lake are Constance (or Konstanz) itself, at the westernmost end, and Lindau, the island city linked to the mainland by a causeway, at the easternmost point, closest to the Alps. Between the two is a string of little villages—Überlingen, Meersburg, Langenargen, Noonenhorn and Bad Schachen, plied regularly by lake steamers.

Constance was one of the few German cities that virtually escaped the war; its lovely cathedral and the buildings round it have, therefore, remained intact. The former Dominican monastery nearby is now the Insel Hotel. On summer evenings there are concerts in the charming inner

court of the old Town Hall; yachts lie at anchor in the basin in front of medieval wharf houses. One pleasant excursion is to the island of Mainau, privately owned by Count Bernadotte. Its superb gardens, originally laid out by Grand Duke Frederick I of Baden, are open to the public, and of their kind they are a collector's piece. One can lunch well at the restaurant near the castle, which is operated under Count Bernadotte's aegis. Also worth seeing is the glorious little rococo chapel attached to the castle.

Meersburg is a little medieval town of charm and a great wine-growing centre. The harbour is lined with horse chestnut trees, backed by a promenade of painted houses and cafés. It has a handful of pleasant hotels, among them Zum Schiff and the Wilder Mann. Its places of interest include the Old Castle, dating back to the seventh century, and the Understadt Chapel, with interesting Gothic altars, dating back to the late 14th. As the local tourist literature puts it: "Keys from Miss Gretel Mayer (up the Chapel steps and ring the door at left)". The main street of the Upper Town looks like a stage setting for *The Student Prince*.

Along this lakeside, in May, were more orchards than I have ever seen, all of them in bloom. Northern it may be, but for

Germany this is the softest south and its people have a relatively southern temperament: one aspect I noted was that, far from the heel-clicking efficiency I had expected, I found something rather less efficient but much more warmhearted and sympathetic.

Sailing past in the steamer, I liked the look of Noonenhorn, and am told that it has two good restaurants: Zur Kapelle and the Weinstube Furst. I disembarked a couple of stops farther on, at Bad Schachen, which lies just inside the bay of Lindau. The hotel there is one of Germany's tops, and justifiably. Service and food and sheer willingness to oblige are all remarkable. Bad Schachen is a baby spa, and a thermal establishment is attached to the hotel. String orchestras play Strauss and Léhar in the evenings as the residents, many of them in full evening dress, file out of the immense baroque dining room into the lounges. It is all very prewar: though a certain rather grandiose, leisured and strictly traditional way of carrying on was something that struck me about the whole of southern Germany.

Lindau is, in its idiom, highly picturesque. More Strauss and Léhar floats, oom-pa-pa, on the ether of brass bands through its waterfront streets: streets full of gabled houses, all lean-



Two views of Constance, one of the few German cities to escape war damage

JOHN TIMBERS

ing together. Pleasant hotels in Lindau include the Bayerischer Hof and the Reutmann. And, as also at Constance, there is a casino.

How to get there: The best way to see the lake itself is certainly by steamer. But should you want to explore the hinterland of Constance, which borders the Black Forest, or the many attractive little villages near Lindau, a car is the answer. It is cheaper to hire in Germany than in Switzerland, though Zürich is the nearest airport. Hertz depots are at Stuttgart, Frankfurt and Munich. Rates for a Volkswagen are £9 10s. a week, or £1 9s. 4d. a day, plus 3d. a kilometre, and their machinery for delivery and return is admirably smooth. Touring southern Germany, I would have it in mind to fly out to Frankfurt, motor down via Heidelberg to Baden-Baden, and then across through southern Bavaria and the lakes up to Munich. By air, the rates if you fly mid-week and within one month are most reasonable: you can fly London/Frankfurt / Munich / Zürich / London for £33 11s. Lufthansa operate all but the direct Zürich/London flight. Cost of their single Zürich/Munich flight, which takes one hour by Viscount, is £6. Their service is agreeably un-austere, even on tourist flights.



INTERIOR LINES by John Salt

A smoke-like cloud enveloping a starboard wing, an insubstantial choir echoing in the upper reaches of an austere cloister, a complex of troglodytes and a method of protecting vine leaves from frost by shrouding them with ice, combined to engender a suspension of disbelief that lasted the full three days of a visit to the Rhine and Moselle wine-growing districts of Germany. The cloud appeared early on, some 3,000 feet above Gatwick Airport, and scarcely clung long enough to justify the immediate impression that an engine was about to burst into flames. Then the Viscount rose purposefully to its cruising ceiling of 13,000 feet and unreality set in, not to be dispelled by breakfast nor the smooth descent through the cloud, that covered Frankfurt.

The dream-like state endured through the drive along the right bank of the Rhine to the ancient wine village of Hattenheim and so inland to Kloster Eberbach, the monastery founded in 1116 by Adelbert, Archbishop of Mainz, which became

a retreat of Cistercians under Bernard of Clairvaux in 1131 and the Swedish headquarters during the Thirty Years War. I cannot swear that any of my companions on the second annual reunion of the wine-growing principals represented in London by Percy Fox & Co. Ltd., actually heard the disembodied voices of Kloster Eberbach any more than they noticed the cloud. In any case it seemed the wrong moment to mention either phenomenon since the time had come to taste the first of the wines of Germany in the form of the Privat Brut (sparkling) of Langenbach & Co., my hosts-to-be, at their Worms headquarters later that day. After a wine from nearby Hattenheim, the 1958 Nussbrunnen Kabinett, came a curiosity piece, the 1947 Assmanhauser Hollenberg Spatburgunder Kabinett which served only to strengthen my sense of disorientation. We could have been in Burgundy or even Arcady where surely they never tilled plots as steep as the vineyards that border the roads of the Rheingau. The first troglodytes were encountered in the cool cellars of the Schloss Johannisberg overlooking a sweep of the Rhine down to Bingen. There were more of them in the honey-

comb of Langenbach cellars at Worms—capable, brown-faced, brown-clad men moving knowledgeably among the round and oval-faced casks of Rhine and Moselle wines.

More troglodytes too at precipitous Bernkastel—then the steep descent of the Ruwer valley past slaty, sharply-raked vineyards to Waldrach where the final improbability was unfolded as sober fact. A web-like sprinkler system covers the lower slope of the kilometre-long Langenbach vineyard through which water is pumped from a deep pool fed by the Ruwer to produce fountain effects that resemble a kind of utilitarian galvanized-iron pipe type Versailles display. The fountains irrigate in time of drought and are turned on too when frost threatens so that the young leaves are covered and protected by a thin film of ice. Trout from the pond was served at Waldrach's Restaurant Schenk together with a wine of the house, their own 1959 Waldracher Krone, and followed by a Waldracher Hubertusberg Riesling-Auslese of the same year from the Langenbach slopes. The serenity which these wines induced carried me into Luxembourg and helped at least a little during the touch-down in chill rain at Gatwick.



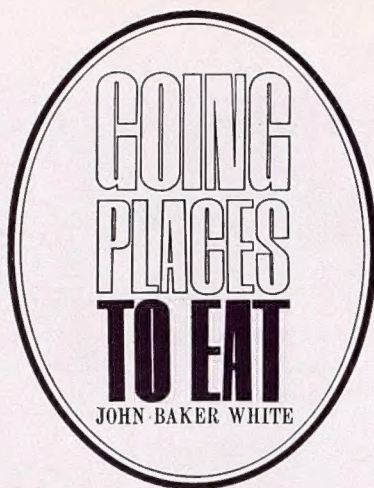
Double for your money

C.S. = Closed Sundays

W.B. = Wise to book a table

Steak Encore, 20 Leicester Square. (WHI 1894.) C.S. Open 12.30 to 3 p.m. and 6 p.m. to midnight. Quite new, and the "Encore" really means what it says. If you want another steak or chop you can have it, and no extra charge. The 3-course luncheon with self-chosen chop or steak as main course costs 20s., all-in save coffee. Dinner, when you can have *La Fondue Bourguignonne*, a fillet steak that you cook for yourself, is 25s. *Crêpe Suzette* is the speciality sweet at either meal. The wine list like the service is good, particularly No. 7 on the claret list and No. 33 on the red Burgundy. The room is pleasantly got up. This restaurant is part of The Guinea & The Piggy enterprise, whose Poor Millionaire restaurant in Bishopsgate is not now open at night.

La Poule Au Pot, 231 Ebury Street (the Barracks end). Open every evening, including Sundays, from 6.30 p.m. until after midnight. Fully licensed and specializes in after-theatre meals, not surprisingly, for it has strong stage connections, the partners in the enterprise



being producer David Hall and actor Charles Brodie, who is his own chef. Of the London *bistro* type it has a sensibly short but adequate menu, and the prices are such as should appeal to the younger generation of diners-out.

The Reluctant Dragon, 3 Cromwell Road. (Exhibition Road end.) (KNI 7258.) C.S. This is a dining club—membership fee £1 ls. a year—devoted to Chinese cooking. Most of the Chinese chefs in Britain cook in the Southern Cantonese style. Chef Hwang comes from the north, where there is a different, and, to my mind, more interesting cuisine. There is an adequate wine list, which includes Chinese wines.

As with most Chinese food, the cost is what you make it; I dined very adequately for 25s., without wine. The club is open for luncheon as well as dinner. The tea is good.

Wine notes

A new type of theatrical entertainment—a stage show and wine tasting combined—is to be a feature of the City of London Festival. "In Praise of Wine" will be staged twice nightly in the crypt of Guildhall at 6 p.m. and 9.30 p.m., from 16-21 July inclusive. The Crypt is being converted into a cellar with special seating for 200 people who will look down on to the central acting area in the style of Guildhall masque audiences of the 17th century. Each entertainment will begin with a tasting of wines supplied by Harveys of Bristol. Guests—whose £1 tickets will cover both the tasting and the show—will be summoned to take their seats by brightly garbed heralds or criers. Harveys promise that the tastings will be unusual in conception and will match the spirit of the occasion.

Bouchard Ainé, well known as shippers of Burgundy and Bordeaux wines, have introduced a new sherry to the British market. Known as Boxer Velvet, it is an Oloroso, with a nutty flavour. Bouchard

claim that it can be enjoyed before, during or after the meal. My appreciation of this wine is that its smoothness justifies the title of velvet, and my inclination would be to drink it at the end of the meal, instead of port. The retail price is 22s. per bottle.

Sandeman's Armada Cream sherry is now in a new bottle, designed after two years of hard thought by an American, Carl Otto. It has a pinched-in neck, to keep the shape of the Moorish arch implied in the bottle, and the cross on the medallion is the same as that on the sails of the Armada fleet. It costs 22s. 6d. per bottle.

... and a reminder

Isola Bella, 15 Frith Street, W.1. (GER 3911.) *As good as it was when I went there over 30 years ago.*

Number Four, 4 Greek Street. (GER 0726.) *Elegant, with high quality foods and a well chosen wine list. Destined to be a favourite with young people.*

Fisherman's Wharf, 215 Brompton Road. (KNI 1505.) *Fish and only fish, admirably cooked and served; certain to be popular.*

The Casino, Taggs Island, Hampton Court. (Moseley 4311.) *Just the place now when the weather is summery.*

Cabaret calendar

Candlelight Room, May Fair Hotel (MAY 7777). *Ray Ellington and his quartet with singer Susan Maughan. Cabaret also features Boscoe Holder and Fay Craig*

Quaglinos (WHI 6767). *Clifford Stanton*

Talk of the Town (REG 5051). *Lisa Kirk from Broadway is the star—her season has been extended for a further three weeks. She is backed by The Four Saints, dancers who sing. At 10 o'clock, Fantastico, a glamorous revue*

Pigalle (REG 7746). *In the Winifred Atwell Show, the pianist tops a bill that features star turns in a cast of 50 dancers and showgirls*

Society (REG 0565). *Jill Day in her fifth cabaret appearance*

Winston's Club (REG 5411).

Danny la Rue in Winston's Night Flight, fast-moving revue that also features Anne Hart and Ronnie Corbett



Sonya Cordeau is in cabaret at The Room At The Top, Ilford



Mr. David Sandeman, a director of the sherry shippers, holds their new Armada Cream sherry bottle. With him, the bottle's designer, American Carl Otto

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THE TATLER
27 JUNE 1962

775

WIGHTMAN WINNERS



In sharp contrast to the crisp white tunics they are usually seen wearing, members of the British and American Wightman Cup teams put on cocktail dresses for the celebration dinner at the Dorchester. From left: Darlene Hard, Mrs. M. du Pont, the American captain, hiding the British non-playing captain Mrs. Bea Walter, Christine Truman, Nancy Richey, Ann Haydon, Deirdre Catt, Elizabeth Starkie, and Mrs. Karen Hantze-Susman. The Americans retained the Cup by four games to three. More pictures by Desmond O'Neill and report by Muriel Bowen overleaf



Miss Deirdre Catt

WIGHTMAN WINNERS

CONTINUED

PHOTOGRAPHS: DESMOND O'NEILL



Miss Christine Truman. Left: Mrs. Margaret Halford, former British Wightman Cup captain and Mrs. Bea Walter, the non-playing captain

MURIEL BOWEN REPORTS

UPSTAIRS IN THE CLUB HOUSE AT WIMBLEDON Mrs. **Bea Walter**, the Wightman Cup captain, Miss **Elizabeth Starkie**, the lissom blonde international from Yorkshire, Miss **Deirdre Catt** and others were enjoying the sort of tea that makes foreigners say that afternoon tea is the best meal in England. And on the table—the most English touch of all—a silver bowl of pink roses. All in all there's nothing so English as Wimbledon.

Shooting in and out was a tall, well-built man with greying hair, **Lt.-Col. Duncan Macaulay**, of whom they said, when he was out of earshot, that he is "the most unflappable man in England." The atmosphere was exciting without being tense. "There are so many perks to tennis," said Birmingham's **Ann Haydon**. "Things like playing in the Caribbean when everybody in England is freezing!" Deirdre Catt, that gay bundle of fire who won her Wightman Cup match so convincingly, was in fits of laughter.

Professor Neal, who had been playing a match with Deirdre and her Wightman Cup colleagues, had just said: "It's exhausting—these girls are a lot better than the men I usually play with."

The Professor and Mr. **John McDonald**, who was also enjoying his tea, were two of the male members of the All England Club whom Mrs. Walter had picked out as capable of giving the girls "a real pasting" on the court.

Out on Court No. 1 Mrs. **Margaret du Pont**, the auburn-haired Wightman Cup captain, was hitting the ball crisply in preparation for the championships in which she first played 16 years ago. "It's very difficult to get men as practice partners, but we're very lucky with Karen's husband," she said. Mr. **Susman**, husband of pert **Karen Hantze-Susman**, was making the girls dash about to retrieve some of his drop shots.

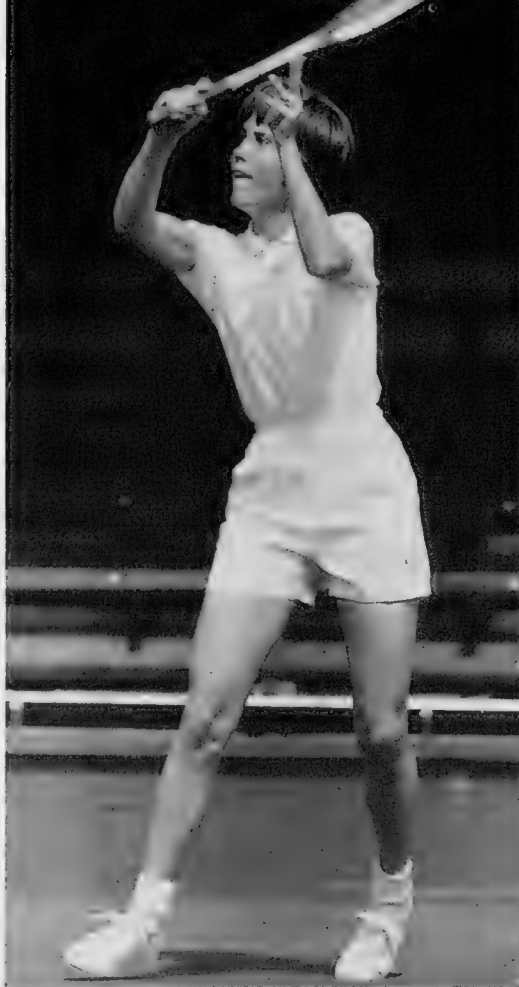
Behind Mrs. du Pont's laughing brown eyes is the mind of a consummate tactician; the best woman doubles player in the game. She is married to one of the famous du Ponts. He is a master of foxhounds, and their son Bill, who is ten, is a baseball fiend. In between running a large house and her tennis Mrs. du Pont finds time for needlecraft. For years now she has been working on covers for her dining-room chairs. How many has she finished? "I was hoping you would not ask that. Four, but two are only finished because I persuaded people to do them for me

—Louise Brough did one." With so many good women players at present this year's championships would seem very open. "The last 16 will be the best ever seen at Wimbledon in any one year," predicts Dan Maskell, who has taught so many of our best players and now coaches Princess Anne.

When I talked to the reigning champion **Angela Mortimer** at her mother's home in Kent I was greeted by ironical laughter. "Wimbledon?" she said. "I've been on the flat of my back for three days. But they have pumped so much stuff into me that it will be nobody's fault but my own if I cannot play." On court Miss Mortimer looks so dedicated, off it she talks with a sense of humour that makes top tennis sound fun. What difference does it make to her life being Wimbledon champion? "When they recognize the name, I can always get a rush job done. Something like getting clothes back from the cleaners quickly," she laughed.

BOOM ISLAND IN THE SUN

Mediterranean cruising recently in the Caronia I found Sardinia the most talked-about of smart places to be. The land rush of which we are so conscious

Mrs. M. du Pont, the American captain*Mrs. Karen Hantze-Susman**Miss Darlene Hard*

in Britain has now burst on Sardinia, erstwhile a place of peeling sand-coloured buildings and tiny cottages with donkeys tethered outside. The people who want to find a little get-away-from-it-all place in the sun now have the hotel men and the investors following on their heels. Land prices have boomed—a plot which cost £50 for sheep grazing a couple of years ago now sells for £3,000.

The Aga Khan is a member of a syndicate developing Gallura which has some of the finest coastline on the Mediterranean. A thousand villas, some for sale and some for rent, will form part of the project. There will be lots of sporting facilities and improved ferry services from the Italian mainland. Rome architect Michele Busiri-Vici, noted designer of beach colonies, has been called in as consultant.

THE CAPTAIN'S TABLE

Selecting guests for the perfect dinner party is the hostess's perpetual worry. But it's something that **Capt. Donald Maclean** did with the same ease with which, for years, he docked the Queen Elizabeth at Southampton and New York. This attractive Scot with the

lilting voice of the Hebrides has just retired as Commodore of the Cunard fleet.

"There's nothing quite like a table of old friends with just a couple of strangers whose interests fit in," he says. Two of his favourites were the American financier and friend of the famous, Bernard Baruch ("the most charming and fascinating of table companions"), and the American writer, Thomas B. Costain ("quite the best talker to whom I've ever listened").

Even for somebody with his experience, conversation could be sticky at times. "A good look at the newspapers before dinner the first night was always well worth while," he says. When it came to conversation he found one or two world travellers were an asset. "They are good at remembering something amusing from their experiences that gets the table off to a good start—and they always love to talk."

Biggest change over the years is what people talk about over meals. Books, music and the arts remain favourite topics but increasingly he's found that businessmen like to thrash out with their opposite numbers how they select young men for promotion. "Get an American and an Englishman on that subject

and there's never a dull moment."

Capt. Maclean retires to Southwinds, his appropriately named house in Southampton. He's looking forward to something he's never had time to do before, to drive round Scotland. "I'll be setting out when the bloom is on the heather. I'd like to sail a bit too, something really beautiful like Lady Docker's Shemara," he added.

THE CREW THAT PUSHED

The many new sailing fixtures of the last few years have emphasized the trek to the sea. One of the more notable is the annual day's team racing between the Seaview Yacht Club and the Oxford and Cambridge Sailing Society. This year, for the first time since the contest started four years ago, victory went to Oxford and Cambridge skippered by **Mr. Graham Mitchell**. It was a closely contested finish; the Seaview sailors were ahead at lunchtime by 1½ points, but the changed conditions of the afternoon, which for a time looked like ending in fiasco, provided a challenge in which the Oxford and Cambridge men revelled and finally triumphed.

With everybody else becalmed, Mr.

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Start of the morning race: Rosemary, Dr. G. Miller (O. & C.), Sirena, Mr. J. Evans (O. & C.), Jade, Lt.-Col. A. C. Whitcombe (Seaview)



Lt.-Col. A. C. Whitcombe, Commodore, Seaview Club, Miss Virginia Palmer and Mr. W. Sanderson. Right: Brig. M. F. Scott, and Lt.-Col. L. D. Ozzard-Low. Below: Mr. A. Green and Mr. Jeremy Cuddington



PHOTOGRAPHS: VAN HALLAN

Seaview Yacht Club were hosts to the Oxford & Cambridge Sailing Society who scored their first victory over them in the 4-year history of the event, in spite of a hold-up when the crew of the University captain's boat plunged waist-deep to push it off the rocks

Race round the rocks



Three members of the Seaview team: Miss Pam Triscott, Mr. Blake Simms and Mr. Michael Forbes



Mrs. A. C. Whitcombe. Below: Sir Edward Blount, Bt., Rear-Commodore of the Seaview Club



The two teams are ferried out for the start of the race. Below: Mr. William Sanderson and Miss Janet Gibbs



ALL CHANGE FOR THE...

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 777

Jeremy Cuddington moved in towards the rocky shore, found the missing wind and was soon leading by over a mile. Mr. Mitchell followed, only to get on the rocks, fortunately a hold-up that was only momentary. "As luck would have it I had a crew that were good pushers!" he said afterwards. Only Mr. **Duncan Simonds** in a Seaview boat prevented the Oxford and Cambridge sailors filling the first three places in the afternoon races. Indeed the boats came in at such inconvenient intervals that they spoiled **Sir Edward Blount's** tea. Sir Edward, Officer of the Day, had to keep nipping from his wife's tea table to The Deck to see that the guns were fired at precisely the right moment! Sailing for Oxford and Cambridge were Mr. **Andrew Green**, Mr. **John Evans**, Mr. **Peter Romer-Lee**, Dr. **Graham Miller**, as well as those I have already mentioned. The Seaview side was skippered by **Lt.-Col. "Jonah" Whitecombe**, the Commodore of the Seaview Yacht Club, and others sailing for Seaview included Miss **Pam Triscott**, Mr. **William Sanderson**, Mr. **Nigel Proddon**, Mr. **Blake Simms**, Miss **Virginia Palmer**, and Mr. **Adrian Macleod-Carey**.

Seaview has just had ten new Mermaids built. They were launched a few weeks ago at Cowes, and then sailed round to Seaview where they were greeted by a tremendous boom of guns. The launching was performed by the **Hon. Elizabeth Hindley**, and it is still a debatable point at Seaview whether Miss Hindley or the boats got most of the champagne. At any rate Miss Hindley is none the worse. As **Lt.-Col. Whitecombe** pointed out: "You never get your clothes spoilt by having good drink spilt on them."

GLYNDEBOURNE & GARDENING

Another successful Festival Opera season at Glyndebourne. Please though don't write to me and ask how to get tickets for your closest business connections or your dearest American friends. It took all of a gloriously sunny Sunday last year to answer all those letters! The short answer is, you can't. Initially this year more tickets were on sale to the public, but these have all gone. Now it is a matter of luck, though worth calling the London box office a few days in advance of a performance to inquire if tickets have been returned.

I drove down to Sussex for the first night of *Così fan Tutte*. Opera nowadays, and certainly at Glyndebourne, is not just singing. Decor and acting have an equal importance. Those at the opera that night included Mr. & Mrs. **John Greenwood**, Mr. & Mrs. **George**

Whitbread, **Lt.-Col. & Mrs. Vernon Taylor**, Mr. & Mrs. **Terence Cope**, Mr. & Mrs. **Sinclair Roberts**, and **Lady Birley**, who a couple of days later had a discussion group on gardening, in connection with the Festival of Sussex, in the rose-clad tithe barn at her house, Alfriston Manor. "We got so many people—nearly 400—that we had to put some of them in the garden and use loudspeakers," she told me afterwards. "Now I'm hoping to have it every year; gardening is a great thing in Sussex."

Mr. **John Christie**, who gave up 16 years of science mastering at Eton to found Glyndebourne, is one of the most remarkable of men. Though 80 this year he's just finished working out the improvements he wants to make to the Glyndebourne stage—already of magnificent proportions—in 1964. He's always had big ideas and realized them. During the war he wanted to buy the freehold of the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. The figure he had in mind was £100,000. A leading firm of property dealers said he could get it for even less. However he did not proceed, all because of the hostility to Glyndebourne in certain artistic circles at that time. Now, Mr. Christie remarks that the freehold would cost about £2½ million today.

A NOTE FOR THE NEIGHBOURS

The amusing thing at the dance given by Mrs. **William Chippindall-Higgin** and her daughter Miss **Peta-Carolyn Stocker** at her St. John's Wood home was to watch the neighbours take a last look at the Chippindall-Higgin frolic about 11 p.m. and then quietly pull the heavy curtains. "I sent little notes round to warn them that we might be noisy and they were all terribly good about it," Mrs. Chippindall-Higgin told me. It was buffet supper in the garden round the fountain followed by dancing to a juke box in the drawing-room. "It is something we do every year and just hope that we get a fine night," Mr. Chippindall-Higgin told me.

Lady Patricia Fairweather, just back from Kenya, was there, also Miss **Arabella von Hofmannsthal**, Miss **Catriona Glencairn-Campbell**, Mr. & Mrs. **Brian Keeling**, and Miss **Jane Roberts**, who has been given a little house in London by her parents, **Sir Peter Roberts, M.P.**, & **Lady Roberts**. Other guests were Mr. **Joseph & the Hon. Mrs. Rank**, Miss **Jeanette de Vigier**, **Sir Charles Taylor, M.P.**, & **Lady Taylor**, Mr. **Michael Henderson**, Mr. & Mrs. **Kenneth McAlpine** and Mr. **David Ashton-Bostock**, one of several people at the party discussing their house moving.



Mr. Mark Lakin and Lady Sarah Coke



First on the floor: Mr. Richard Terry and Miss Georgia Taylor Smith



Mr. David Wilson-Young and Miss Carolyn McAlpine

PARTY ON THE RIVER



Formal gowns by the Thames before a dinner party given by Mr. & Mrs. James Franklin for their daughter Melanie, seen here with her parents and brother Robert on Monkey Island. A dance followed and Melanie changed into trousers (below, right) for a Twist session. Several other guests followed her example



Mr. Charles Moray and Miss Anne Faber



Miss Penelope Roney-Dougal, Mr. Henry Staveley-Hill, Mr. Peter Bellan and Miss Janet Thorn



One Woman Show

PHOTOGRAPHS: DESMOND O'NEILL

An exhibition of flower paintings by Doreen Marchioness of Linlithgow (seen right) was held at the Trafford Galleries. Lady Linlithgow—she recently had an accident—attended the opening cocktail party in a wheelchair



Sir Nicholas Nuttall, Bt., & Lady Nuttall



The Earl & Countess of Westmorland



Lord John Hope, Lady Linlithgow's son



The Countess of Airlie



The Hon. Mrs. Eykyn



The Dowager Viscountess Chaplin

I'll stick to cattle

Lord Kilbracken

IT WAS BAD LUCK, OF COURSE, FOR MRS. DAVID Metcalfe, the former Lady Korda. The clock in Sotheby's packed and gleaming sale-room showed 9.34 p.m. when the first bid was called at the auction of her late husband's collection. But in the preceding five hours, the Dow Jones industrial index had fallen over 11 points to Wall Street's lowest closing level since 1960. It had by then lost 160 points in two months, sliding from 723 to 563. Impressionists, I suppose, are much the same as "blue chips" when regarded as investment prospects, as most buyers *do* regard them; their value perhaps varies *pari passu* with, say, General Motors. Not a single bidder, I suspect, was unaware of what Wall Street had been doing, any more than I would back a racehorse without having studied its form. Pictures, after all, are big business. Invitations to the sale had been rare as Vermeers—or at least those admitting to the principal saleroom, with its 500-odd gilt chairs, its tapestried walls, its heterogeneous chandeliers (themselves for sale next week) and its flocking of Top People. It was slightly easier to get seats for the four smaller rooms, where the proceedings could be watched on closed circuit television and bids made by phone. Fortunately I knew a friend who knew a friend, who would leave a ticket for me, he swore faithfully, at the door. But when I arrived, no ticket awaited me. I once gate-crashed a Moscow reception to interview Khrushchev, but that was child's play, I soon found, in comparison with Sotheby's. It was no good my murmuring: "I hoped to pick up a Cézanne or two." I languished beneath the semi-sceptical gazes of dinner-jacketed attendants till my credentials had been established beyond all doubt. Only then was I permitted to enter the holy of holies.

The last auction I had attended was at the April Show of the Midland & Western Livestock Improvement Society at Carrick-on-Shannon, and I must admit that this was considerably different. At an Irish cattle sale things are so different—no gilt chairs at Carrick, no Guinness at Sotheby's—the auctioneer will blithely ask for an opening bid which is up to twice the eventual figure he's hoping for—he'll request 100 guineas, let's say, for a strictly average cow. After much procrastination, a reckless farmer will bid something less than half this figure—40 guineas, perhaps—and this will then painfully rise, a guinea a time (or even 10s. 6d.) till the climactic moment of hammer-fall. It takes a good five minutes, and often something more, to sell Buttercup for 71½ guineas, which is just about what everyone knew she would fetch all along.

How different in Bond Street. When Peter Wilson requested an opening bid of £200 for the first lot—a Degas bronze, *Le Tub*—he got half-a-dozen such offers immediately; the bidding then rose, by never less than £100 a

bid, to £4,800 in 63 seconds, at which price it was knocked down not more than five seconds later. To a simple farmer like myself, it seemed curious that this was 24 times greater than the requested opening bid; I'd never have the face, I mean, to offer *three* guineas for Buttercup. The 12 pieces of sculpture, served as *hors d'oeuvres*, were sold in 13 seconds flat and fetched £24,550. There were three Despiau bronzes, then six bronzes and a terra cotta by Maillol, then a Renoir bronze—*La Laveuse*; only the Renoir, at £2,500, came within hailing distance of the Degas, though it was interesting that a small Maillol nude made £2,050. Next came the *entrée*: the 21 paintings and drawings. These were sold—as the sculpture had been—in strict alphabetical order, which seemed a curious arrangement; the only exception was the fine Monet, *La barque bleue*, which was kept to the end—perhaps because it was expected (if so, erroneously) to fetch the top price of the evening.

So we began with a lovely green Bonnard, a tiny but very charming Boudin and two not-very-interesting Cézannes. (*The Cézanne* in the collection was withdrawn at the last moment; Mrs. Metcalfe felt too fond of it.) Then, after a dull Daubigny, came the two great Degas: *La conversation* (a large pastel; two female figures; £24,000) and an even larger *Nue*. Bidding for the latter started at £5,000—the optimism of it!—and rose to £65,000 after 28 bids in less than a minute. It was finally knocked down for £72,000 to a firm of dealers in London.

We just had time to catch our breaths while a small early Gauguin went for £7,000, and then the stunning Van Gogh made its entrance: "A wicker basket with lemons and oranges, a cypress branch and a pair of blue gloves," as the artist described it. I felt sure it would beat the Degas, and in due course it did; bidding opened at £20,000 and finally reached exactly four times that figure. (The identity of the purchaser, at the moment of writing, is still shrouded in mystery: an unknown American, Charles Willis by name, did the bidding; standing at the back, nonchalantly waving a catalogue, but rumour has it—*vide* the national press—that he wasn't the actual buyer.)

There followed the grey Pissarro; and then the six Renoirs, only one of which—the chocolate-boxy *Jeunes filles au bord de l'eau*—made a really big price (£42,000, also to the bid of Willis); and Soutine's funny white pastrycook, and then the three Vuillards. Finally came the great blue Monet, sold to Baron Thyssen for £56,000. It had taken 53 minutes to sell the 33 lots, and the final total, as you may have read, was £464,470. It was a fair evening's work for Mrs. Metcalfe, I suppose, but the slump on the stock markets, so closely akin nowadays to Degas and Van Gogh, may have cost her a hundred grand. I think, on the whole, it's safer to stick to cattle.

WHAT MAKES BLITZ EXPLODE?



Behind the smoke, the flames, the crashing buildings and the apparent chaos is the cool and calculating brain of Sean Kenny—the man whose many theatrical triumphs in a comparatively brief span of stage designing dictated his choice as the man to make Lionel Bart's *Blitz* explode.

Kenny is backstage at the Adelphi most nights, checking and supervising the elaborate mechanism that rains bombs

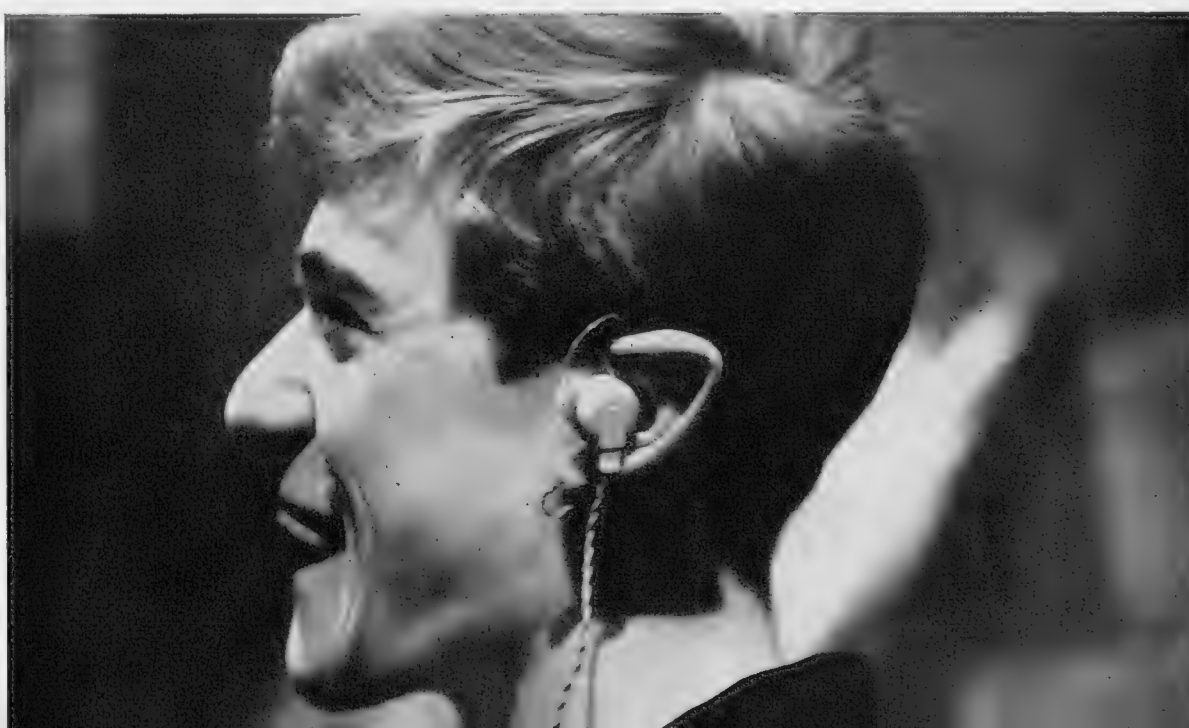


Back-projection scores in *Blitz*. St. Paul's Cathedral here is a tiny cardboard cut-out. The audience sees it enlarged many times



Left: Sean Kenny on stage. The luminous circles show the tracks along which the towers, which form the basic set, are moved

on London in a manner that the original architect of disaster, the late Reichsmarschal Hermann Goering—a great man for delegating authority—would never have understood. Yet *Blitz* is no forerunner, Bart and Kenny are exploiting a vein of staged catastrophe that pre-dates Grimaldi and few who saw them—very few by now—will forget the great train wreck in *The Silver King* or the hard-fought racing scene in *The Whip*



Stage hands communicate with the stage director by transistor short wave receivers, like hearing-aids. The director surveys the entire scene from an overhead gantry



Individual flash guns simulate the glare of explosions in blazing dockland

Left: Children in Blitz hide out of sight behind the towers between their appearances

The action continues while the sets move around the actors. The catwalk here is moving beneath the actress





PHOTOGRAPHS BY JACK ESTEN

Wimbledon: The style-makers

BY DENZIL BATCHELOR

IF you are a talented tennis-playing child with ambition, it is the Wimbledon gate-money to a china orange that you will receive all the coaching you need in this country from pre-teenage days to the time you win the championship. Thank the Lawn Tennis Association for this, for no major sport has a better organization devoted to the encouragement and training of youth. The road to success leads from school or club to the notice of the County Associations. Thence, for some hundred of the better prospects, to the six Regions—each comprising six counties—20 or 25 of the elect will go on to the National Siftings. These players take part in an American tournament—every competitor playing all other entrants—at Wimbledon in mid-September. Finally, some eight to ten are chosen as Sponsored Juniors, to receive special coaching by George Worthington.

The Lawn Tennis Foundation and the Central Council of Physical Education help the L.T.A. to encourage interest among juniors both at schools and in the immediate post-school years. So do the L.T.A.'s amateur coaches: there are some 5,000 holding the certificate of coach at elementary level; 100 at advanced level. The best of the younger entry are schooled to take their place in the world game. This year a dozen went for five weeks to play in tourna-

ments in the south of France in the charge of Worthington. Sangster, Pickard, Knight and Roger Taylor are among those who as juniors were sent by the L.T.A. to gain experience in Australia. Does coaching tend to make stereotyped players of youngsters who begin with individual styles? Dan Maskell's answer is: "Can you imagine five young players with more widely divergent styles than Knight, Sangster, Pickard, Wilson and Becker, all products of L.T.A. coaching?"

Coaching can't produce world-beaters. The individual's inner greatness makes the Wimbledon champion: and, as in all sports, a zeal for conflict is the greatest asset. Fred Perry, our greatest champion, until recently a coach and now our Davis Cup team manager, has the typical success story. He learned to play on public courts, fighting his way through, every yard of the way.

But a nation-wide system of coaching can sift players of promise from "no-hopers," and see to it that the former are given every chance. That is why when we win a cup or a title, the credit must be shared between the players and the Association that gives as much help and encouragement to those who need it as any organization in any sporting field in the world. Here are the views of some of our greatest professional coaches on their mission in the lawn-tennis world.



Dan Maskell is Mr. Tennis. Though his television commentaries have introduced the game to thousands of British households, they represent the least of his contributions to tennis. After serving as National Coach, he is now Training Manager to the Lawn Tennis Association, with the task of co-ordinating coaching schemes for all players from the elementary to the top level. Maskell began as a ball boy at Queen's Club, and as coach handled both Fred Perry and Dorothy Round. He is seen (above) with Anne Haydon. He is chairman of the Professionals' Association, the body that chooses professional coaches after a three-part examination at the end of a fortnight's course. To the Association's annual conference at Lillieshall are invited all the pre-eminent in activities that can be geared to help our professionals learn more of the potential scope of their work. Geoffrey Dyson, athletics coach, expounds the creed of physical fitness, while leading physical educationists explain how a knowledge of physiology can improve the skills of the player. Maskell co-ordinates, directs, supervises every important development. His Wimbledon tip: Rod Laver, and either Margaret Smith or Maria Bueno (he can't make up his mind which).



Evelyn Dewhurst had only one season in amateur tournaments. "My one claim to distinction is that I waited longer than anybody else to be beaten by Lenglen. Two days, it was. . . Then I turned professional, taking part in tours organized by C. B. Cochran with Lenglen, Kinsey and Kozeluh." Mrs. Dewhurst started coaching in 1925; today has over 50 assistants to cope with the work of the Dewpool School; her co-Managing Director is Miss V. M. Glasspool. Her organization teaches at over a hundred girls' schools (among them Roedean, Cheltenham, Heathfield and many convents) as well as at all Physical Educational Colleges outside Scot-

land. She is seen (above and left) at the Dartford College. Mrs. Dewhurst thinks the standard of lawn tennis is lower than it was in her own amateur year, 1926. "Though it wasn't just Lenglen. I knew how to beat her—though I knew I could never do it. If born now, I've no doubt Lenglen would be the best ever." She doesn't think we have the natural talent today: Angela Mortimer is about the equivalent of Mrs. Beamish in the '20s. "To get great players you've got to start them off on the fast grass courts. We handicap them by training on hard courts." Her Wimbledon tip: Laver or Chuck McKinley. Margaret Smith with Maria Bueno next best.

Arthur Roberts can't remember how old he is. "Coaches aren't supposed to. Anyway, I was a ball-boy with Dan Maskell at Queen's Club." Among his pupils have been Angela Mortimer (with him on right), Mike Sangster, his own son Paddy who twice won Junior Wimbledon, and Joan Currie. He puts Angela at the top, but Sangster "though he rings a bell just now" doesn't rate above Paddy. "If it comes to that, I've a better one coming than even Angela. Her name is Elizabeth Hook; she has been in the game for two years, is just commanding respect in West Country junior tennis. I'll tell you why she may be better—I've changed my coach-

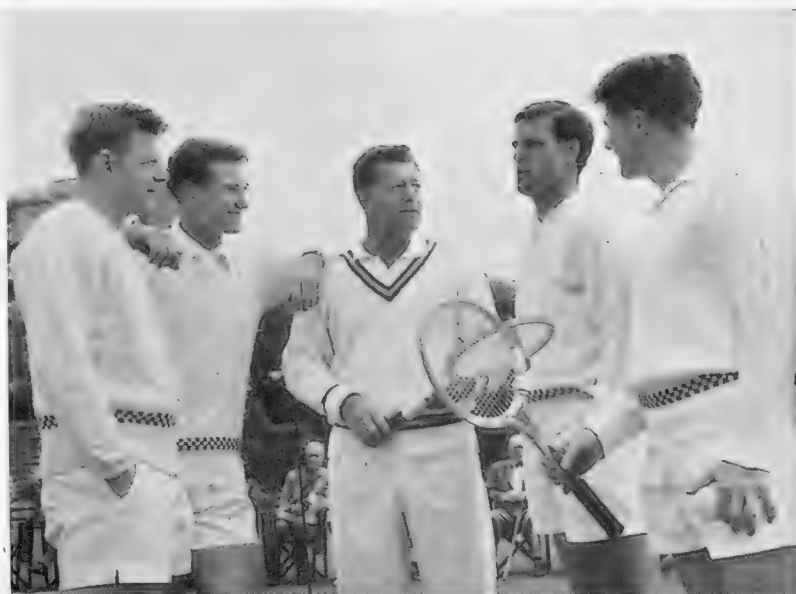
ing technique for her. If my legs hold out for the next three years she is an absolute certainty for tennis stardom. Up to now I've aimed at results first—strokes second. Why? Well, if a kid wins some scratchy old tournament, that fills my appointments' book. I'm self-supporting, see. Must get results. But now—with her—I've gone for strokes first—later we'll see about results. The secret of my success? First, I'm a fanatic. Second, at the Palace Hotel, Torquay, I can coach on two covered courts for 12 months of the year." Roberts thinks our coaching is ideal for producing good players in the mass. His Wimbledon tip: Rod Laver and Margaret Smith.

NORMAN TRAFFORD



George Worthington (33) is coach during the summer to the Davis and Wightman Cup teams. He is seen (right) at Eastbourne with Davis men Mike Sangster, Alan Mills, Billy Knight, Tony Pickard, and (above) with John Barrett and Billy Knight. In winter months he teaches the sponsored juniors, cream of the nation's younger entry. Since he became a professional in October, 1955, he's coached Christine Truman, Ann Haydon, Mark Cox, Graham Stilwell and the young Stanley Matthews, also helped Mike Sangster turn his serve into the blockbuster it has now become. As an amateur Worthington twice won the New

Zealand singles, and reached the finals of the American and Australian Doubles Championships. His views on the coaching situation in Britain agree with those of Dan Maskell: in the main, Britain has more good coaches than any other country; though in other countries there are, of course, brilliant teachers. Just how wonderful a teacher Worthington himself is, may be gauged from a remark of Bill Moss, now coach to the Scottish Lawn Tennis Association. "I think it should be every coach's ambition to get his pupils into the sponsored junior squad taught by George Worthington." His Wimbledon tip: Emerson and Margaret Smith.





Tony Mottram, 42, won the D.F.C. as a torpedo- and rocket-pilot in World War Two; has been a professional coach since 1955. Not registered with the L.T.A., he writes on tennis and runs the London School of Lawn Tennis at Putney on five hard courts, with other centres at Weybridge and Sutton. He is seen there (above) with Bridget Shearer of Tunbridge Wells. Mottram reached the last eight at Wimbledon in '48, won the Hard Court Championship in '54, and played in the Davis Cup from '47 to '55. He coached as an amateur in Birmingham as far back as '48, among his pupils being R. W. Dixon, Valerie Pitt and Susan Partridge. He now coaches some 4,000 pupils a year; Eton, Ardingly and Sutton High School having been on his visiting list. He names two of his most promising pupils as Virginia Wade (16) and Mary McAnally, who won the Junior Covered Court Doubles Championship of Britain. He thinks between the ages of 8 and 16 is the most effective time to receive coaching. He considers the standard of the stars today well below that of prewar days but the general standard of tournament play is much higher. His Wimbledon tip: Rod Laver and Margaret Smith.



Herbert Brown (left) specializes in catching his pupils young. He's coached for 21 years at Queenswood School for Girls, Hatfield, winners of the Eastern Section of the schools' tournament 12 times running; at the Quakers School, Leighton Park, Reading for 20 years; at Forest School for 15 years. Among his pupils have been Bobby Wilson between the ages of 11 and 15; Christine Truman for four and a half years; John Horn; Derrick Barton; Graham Stillwell. "And every one of 'em has written to say 'Thank You'." Continuity's the secret of his success. Largely due to the enthusiasm of Queenswood's Headmistress, Miss Essame, and Games Mistress Miss Brenda Seel, he teaches there all the year round. "For months on end it'll be six hours a day, and six pupils per hour." Amateur tennis isn't, he thinks, what it was: too much is done for the young. "When Perry and Pat Hughes were kids there was no free coaching. Pat would save up to buy a new ball instead of going to the pictures. I used to walk miles, 35 years ago, to play at Battersea Park—humping my own net over my shoulder."

His Wimbledon tip: Rod Laver—and Christine Truman.



Bill Moss (below), now 36, was British Professional Champion in 1952-3; and has shared in the Doubles title every year except one since then. He became a professional in 1950, began coaching with a two year stint at the Lawn Tennis School of Great Britain, Cheltenham, then went to the Edgbaston Club, where he taught over 500 players a year before being appointed national coach to the Scottish Lawn Tennis Association this summer. Star pupils have included Michael Harvey, a Junior Champion, and two infants—Geoffrey Woodward, due to make his debut at Junior Wimbledon this year, and Alexandra

Soady (14), who may train on to be the best of the lot. "I like to deal with young people; and I like to teach players to be as fast as can be about the court. Tennis is meant to be the most active game of all—and most of our players are much too slow." Moss doesn't think amateur standards have deteriorated, but the attitude to the game has changed. "Players tend to by-pass county representation," says the old Warwickshire champion. "They're no longer interested in helping their teams." Wimbledon tip: "Chuck" McKinley to win, if Laver doesn't. The top lady—probably Maria Bueno; possibly Margaret Smith.



G. W. HOURD



Sheila Dowdeswell (above & left) has the best of both worlds. She coaches in England—partly for the Dewpool Organization and partly privately—from May to August. When it's cold (or even colder), she coaches in Rhodesia. She played at Wimbledon for seven years, and won the Kenya Championship three years running, then became a professional in 1951. She has taught the game at Roedean, Putney High School and Wycombe Abbey, but perhaps her most interesting and promising pupil is her middle son Roger, who last year won the Roehampton men's and juniors' singles on the same day—at the age of 17. Her youngest son Colin has just won two events in a tournament in Rhodesia—at the age of six. He points a moral! Mrs. Dowdeswell thinks that our tennis-playing youth is in danger of becoming too spoon-fed, cosseted and over-coached. Rhodesians of 15 think nothing of hopping a train to travel over 1,000 miles to spend four days on their own, playing in tournaments in the Cape. Their juniors and the young South Africans are tougher than ours, and do not seem so injury-prone. Her Wimbledon tip: Emerson and Sandra Reynolds, now Mrs. Price.



WHAT'S FOR TENNIS




Presenting crisp new fashions for this week's national heroine —the girl on the Centre Court. Elizabeth Dickson chose the clothes and Alec Murray photographed them at the Highgate home of Lady Crosfield whose pre-Wimbledon party traditionally launches the international championships


Vantage point: Looking forward to seasons of hard service, tomboy tailored suit in cotton pique with drawstring waist and crossed racquets embroidered in blue on the shirt top. Teddy Tinling at Gordon Lowe, 8½ gns.

Fine fashion volley: Blue and white stripes inverted in a white pleated linen and Terylene tunic cut on simple lines. Pretty approach to the sporting life by Teddy Tinling. Gordon Lowe, approximately £15.0.0.





Ruffles for the unruffled; Sissy frills etch the hem and high neckline which swoops low to a glamorous exit view. Terylene and cotton dress by Teddy Tinling. Simpsons, £6.19.6.



Umpire's choice: Spectator clothes are correct only when they are easy to wear and forget about, like these slick white trews with a classic shirt in white Terylene and worsted, 9 gns. the set from Harrods. Spotted navy silk cravat, Liberty.

Pleats score for cool players: Caramel band across the neckline and round the pleated hem, more caramel in the buttons. Teddy Tinling at Gordon Lowe; Lillywhites, Edinburgh; Griffin & Spalding, Nottingham. About 9½ gns. White Shetland cardigan ridged with petersham down the front. By Pringle at Lillywhites, London & Edinburgh, £3.12.6.



Mother of the Bride

PART TWO OF AN OCCASIONAL
REPORT FOR THE OLDER WOMAN

Drawings by Barbara Hulanicki



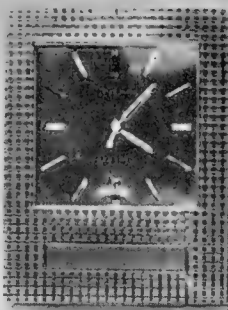
ELEGANCE. Ubiquitous dress and jacket (above). Well-tailored in red fine tweed fleck for a country wedding. Marcusa, 20½ gns. at Harvey Nichols Ltd., from early August; J. F. Taylor & Sons Ltd., Bristol; Greensmith Downes, Edinburgh. Large formal hat by Simone Mirman, Chesham Place, S.W.1

ELEGANCE. To wear at a formal wedding (left) and on through the year's social whirl. Carnation pink silk gauze dress and jacket, skirt full with a front pleat, Harry B. Popper at Morell Dresses Ltd., Curzon Street, W.1, Peggy Goss Ltd., Birmingham; Marshall & Snelgrove, Leicester. The hat, a glamorous affair in snowflake white feathers by Jenny Fischer, Motcomb Street, S.W.1

ELEGANCE. Ocean grey-blue cellophane lace. Soignée and distinguished with simple line, the skirt mounted on taffeta camisole bodice; the top back-buttoned and lace scalloped round the edge. Sold with own glitterpin at waist. Mandell, 21 gns. at Bourne & Hollingsworth, London; Chanal, Leeds; Fenwicks, Newcastle. Black hat by Jenny Fischer, Motcomb Street, S.W.1



Oblong go-anywhere clock in 18 ct. gold. Accutron by Bulova the timing device that went into orbit in the Explorer VII satellite. Astronaut's timepiece, only at Garrard, £370



TICK TOCK

worked by an electronic power system. There's no balance wheel, no tick tock, just the slight cosmic hum of a tuning fork oscillating 21,600 times a minute from energy supplied by a single power cell. The watch is guaranteed not to lose or gain more than 2 seconds a day.

... here comes the space age watch with some supersonic designs and a few of the first Accutron range by Bulova

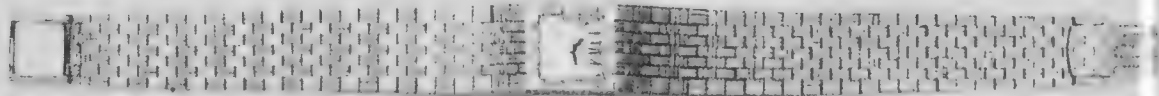


Smallest watch in the world on an 18 ct. gold snaky strap with a minute dial. Jaeger-le-Coultré, £485 at Kutchinsky

Planet-shaped 18 ct. gold clock with a hand-made ridged case. Accutron by Bulova, case by Bueche, Girod of Bienne. Only at Garrard, £335



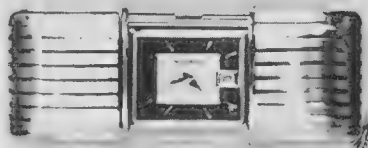
Pale, glimmering 18 ct. gold bricks make a strap for Piaget's smooth watch from Kutchinsky, £268



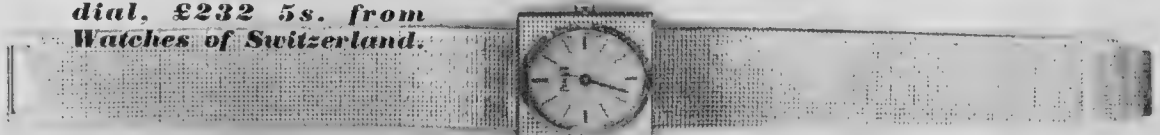
Thin gold disc man's watch for a fob pocket or to swing on a chain. Vacheron et Constantin, £380 at Watches of Switzerland, 16 New Bond Street



A hunk of glimmering amethyst quartz holds a watch without numerals that is surprisingly easy to read. Accutron by Bulova, £550 from Garrard



Portable 18 ct. gold clock that winds itself. Ermeto by Movado incorporates a date reading and a solid gold dial, £232 5s. from Watches of Switzerland.



Miniature waffle-surfaced 18 ct. gold man's watch by Piaget with an oval dial. Kutchinsky, £372

Set square, 18 ct. gold man's watch and strap. Accutron by Bulova, £465 only at Garrard



COUNTER SPY BY ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON

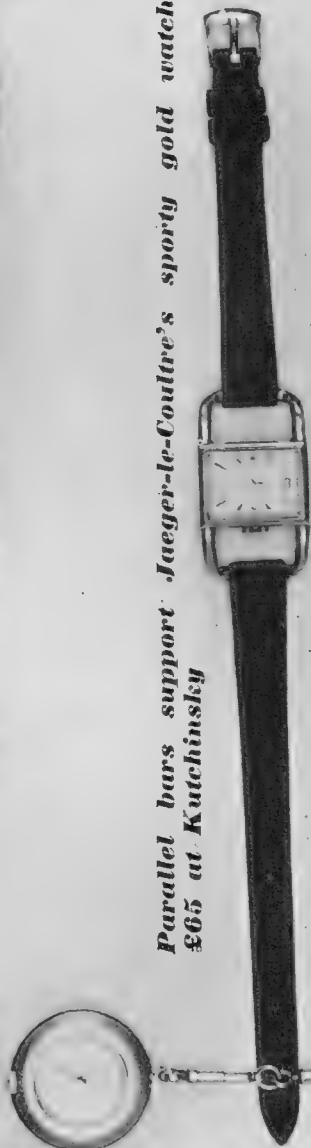
Sporting waterproof stainless steel golfer's watch with date. See-through back bares the steel self-winding mechanism, built on a 5-ball race by Eterna Matic, £37 15s. from Watches of Switzerland, 16 New Bond Street



Stratospheric shape to break the design barrier Patek Philippe's watch slung on crocodile, £370 from Garrard



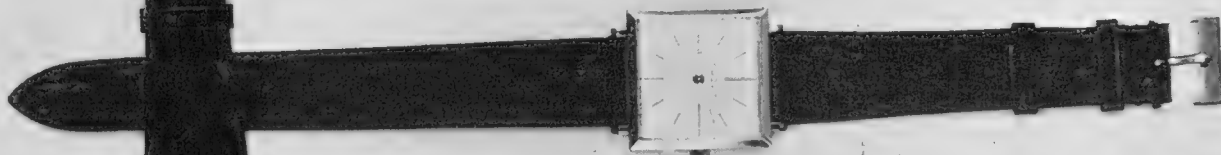
Parallel bars support Jaeger-le-Coutre's sporty gold watch, £65 at Kutchinsky



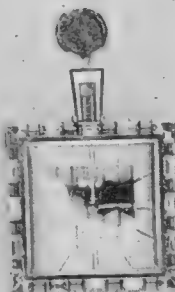
Antique-faced, microsonic time-piece in gold ringed with diamonds. Accutron by Bulova, £650 from Garrard



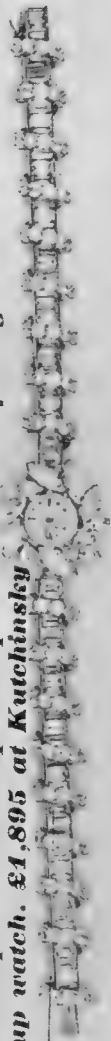
Thinnest square dial gold man's watch by Audemars Piguet, £337 10s. from Watches of Switzerland who have just opened the largest watch centre in Europe at 16 New Bond Street



Edwardian feeling in a watch squared with a rim of baguette diamonds to swing on a chain, dangle from a pin, by Patek Philippe, £2,000 at Garrard



Diamonds spiral the strap and petal the dial of Jaeger-le-Coutre's dress-up watch. £1,895 at Kutchinsky



Slenderest circular dial man's watch in gold with a rose gold dial. Vacheron et Constantin, £315 at Watches of Switzerland, 16 New Bond Street



Smaller version of the golfer in 18 ct. gold by Eterna Matic, £95 10s. at Watches of Switzerland, 16 New Bond Street

VERDICTS

PLAYS

PAT WALLACE

PERIOD OF ADJUSTMENT ROYAL COURT THEATRE
(BERNARD BRADEN, COLLIN WILCOX, NEIL
McCALLUM, BETTY McDOWALL)

Sentimental Tennessee

THE PLAYWRIGHT CALLS THIS "A SERIOUS comedy" and so it is, since it is about marriage and, even if that is a happy subject, it's not a frivolous one. A more unworthy thought might be that Mr.

Williams is hedging; assuring that part of the audience who don't think it is funny enough that, after all, he did warn them it was serious.

The play opens with Mr. Bernard Braden on the stage where he is to remain, to our considerable pleasure, for almost the whole evening, giving not only an excellent but a wonderfully consistent performance. Mr. Braden plays the part of a man who has proved himself physically tough in two wars, the Second World War and the Korean one, and who is still morally strong. He has that day taken a stand about his career because he feels that his life has become monotonous and meaningless, and by his decision he has lost his wife, his child, his job, possibly his home and his prospects. While he is sitting quietly and undramatically trying to sort this one out, a wartime buddy, complete with a very new wife, arrives on an unheralded visit. This couple has been married only the day before and there is still an impression of cellophane and wrapping ribbon about the bride. But the package is slightly crumpled after all, for they have spent a disastrous first night and now both of them, severally and in concert, pour out their grievances to the

husband's old friend. Mr. Neil McCallum as the Texan husband, a bundle of nerves from the wide open spaces, gives a performance wonderfully attuned to Mr. Braden's: you will, I think, go far before you see two actors playing scenes in such contrast of character but such harmony of intention. With Mr. Braden, of course, there is that something extra, difficult to define and rare to possess: the especial sympathy which seems to link him with the audience.

Mr. Braden's Ralph then, is left with his stucco-type bungalow in Nashville, Tennessee (where else?), and with a future very indefinite indeed. His friend George, whose boasts of virility are based on his quasi-impotence and who has spectacular attacks of the shakes whenever crossed in love or argument, is admirably played by Mr. McCallum. Having decided that his own failure is due to his wife's frigidity, he proposes to Ralph that they should cut their losses and move out to Texas, wifeless but content, to raise cattle and perhaps even buffaloes to be used in Western movies.

I privately thought this rather a practical idea, though it was clear, even as the two pals were thumping each other on the upper arms in that old ritual apparently required in male American friendships, that they hadn't the remotest chance of making a success of the venture. Curiously, though, this scene, in which both men are half-tight and talking about raising "dignified beasts" under the dignified sky of West Texas, doesn't wholly come off. It is not so much that the sentiment is false as that, surely, very few men do go into *Student Prince* drinking-song routines when they meet after some years' absence.

It is not until the third act that Ralph, having spent the first two as a homespun if astringent philosopher, comes to grips with his own situation. In a scene which is not quite comic enough, his parents-in-law turn up accompanied by a coloured maid, a resigned young policeman and several bags and baskets in which they propose to remove anything of value from the house. Ralph objects, rightly finding the situation nightmarish; George cheers him on and helps in his own way by collecting all the table silver and sitting on it, and the arm of the law finally orders the older couple out and away. Immediately Ralph's wife returns and, in the temporary absence of George and his twittering spouse, they have a scene of one-sided reconciliation which is touching almost to the point of pain.

Miss Betty McDowall deserves particular praise for her part in this last half-hour of the play. Certainly the playwright has written her some highly effective lines, but she must nevertheless create a character—which she does—from a standing start, as it were. Mr. Williams has taken less trouble with her mother and father, who are perfunctory sketches for characters, providing the opportunity for some farcical abuse and then, very properly, making their exits.

The ending of the play is happy, even if it comes about by compromise, and this is a new aspect of Tennessee Williams, though, as the young wife Miss Collin Wilcox (a very interesting young actress indeed) has a more typical final speech in which she declaims that the whole world is a great neurological ward. One always expects some kind of a shock from Tennessee Williams, and in this case it is the fact that he has written a basically sentimental play.



Zara Dolukhanova, the Russian mezzo-soprano, who will sing twice at the Royal Festival Hall—with the Moscow Chamber Orchestra on Friday, and in a solo recital on Monday

ERICH AUERBACH

FILMS

ELSPETH GRANT

BON VOYAGE DIRECTED BY JAMES NEILSON (FRED MacMURRAY, JANE WYMAN, MICHAEL CALLAN, KEVIN CORCORAN) **JESSICA** DIRECTOR JEAN NEGULESCO (MAURICE CHEVALIER, ANGIE DICKINSON, NOEL-NOEL, GABRIELLE FERZETTI) **THE WEBSTER BOY** DIRECTOR DON CHAFFEY (JOHN CASSAVETES, ELIZABETH SELLARS, DAVID FARRAR, RICHARD O'SULLIVAN)

Plumber's joy

STRUGGLING OUT OF THE MILD ATTACK OF lethargy induced by *Bon Voyage*, I found myself wondering why Mr. Walt Disney had made the film. "For profit?" says you, pert as ever. Certainly, I admit with a touch of hauteur, that is the reason 99.9 per cent of films are made. But here—and this is why I feel an absolute beast for not having wholeheartedly liked the thing—I suspect other motives: motives less sordid, kindlier, more avuncular—even patriotic, possibly.

Maybe, while loyally boosting the liner United States, Mr. Disney civilly hoped to gratify General de Gaulle by swelling the tourist revenue of France: he is certainly at pains to point out the joys of luxury ocean travel, the pleasures and alluring perils of Paris (where the sewers are safer than the sidewalk, on account of there are more tarts above-ground than below) and the bikini-clad attractions of the beach at Cannes.

On second thoughts, perhaps he intended the film as a sort of consolation prize for every plumbing contractor of Terre Haute, Indiana, who is in a less happy position than Mr. Fred MacMurray—the member of their fraternity who can afford to take his family to Europe for a holiday. Anyway, I'm quite sure, in the back of my mind, that dear Mr. Disney meant well—and I hope *somebody* enjoys the film, though I found 132 minutes of knocking around with Mr. MacMurray & Co. in a travel brochure setting distinctly wearing.

A dogged attempt has been made to cater for all age-groups in this only slightly stale banquet of good clean fun. Teenagers may thrill over the romance between Mr. MacMurray's young daughter (Miss Deborah Walley) and the odious rich boy (Mr. Michael Callan) she picks up aboard ship—and will probably admire the easy, adult air assumed by the 19-year-old son, Mr. Tommy Kirk. For the kids there is, inevitably, sturdy Master Kevin Corcoran—who takes Pop sewer-touring and loses him in the malodorous dark.

Middle-aged matrons, wilted by long years of matrimony, can be expected to perk up considerably at the spectacle of a handsome Hungarian Count (Mr. Ivan Desny) making an impassioned pass at Miss Jane Wyman (Mr. MacMurray's wife)—and the virile way in which Mr. MacMurray socks the bounder on the jaw should affect elderly husbands like a shot in the arm. Perhaps my trouble is that I don't fit into any of these categories: doubtless I'm narked that Mr. Disney has provided no fun at all for the ageing spinster.

Mr. Jean Negulesco's *Jessica* is more likely to send people haring off to Sicily after the first half-hour than it is to hold

CONTINUED OVERLEAF



Glamorous midwife (Angie Dickinson) whoops it up with the boys. A scene from *Jessica*



Sylva Koscina is one of the international players in *Jessica*. Others are Maurice Chevalier, who stars as a priest, and Noël-Noël

their rapt attention for 105 minutes. The scenery is glorious, the sound maddeningly bad: I could barely distinguish one word in ten of the dialogue—but, as none of the characters seemed to have anything of any particular importance to say, perhaps you shouldn't let that worry you.

Miss Angie Dickinson, a shapely American widow, serves the village of Forza d'Agro in the capacity of midwife. She is good at her work but all the women furiously resent her—for the sight of her tootling around the place on her Vespa in bosom-hugging blouses and skin-tight shorts throws every male into an amorous frenzy. Darling M. Maurice Chevalier, lightly disguised as the local priest, wags his old head over the disturbing effect she has on his hot-blooded flock.

There's nothing much he can do about it—so the local women decide to take matters into their own hands and a leaf out of Lysistrata's book. They agree to deny their husbands their conjugal rights, to force Miss Dickinson out of business: if there are no babies, the midwife will have

no excuse for hanging around, is the way they look at it. They make a gallant effort, but the number of black eyes worn at mass on Sunday clearly shows that Sicilian husbands do not take at all kindly to deprivation. The women, forced to capitulate, hate Miss Dickinson more than ever. In revenge for their quite unwarranted attitude, Miss Dickinson, though a chaste gal at heart, takes to flirting outrageously with all the men—and goodness knows what would have come of her behaviour had she not caught the eye of the local feudal lord, Signor Gabriele Ferzetti, a handsome but morose Marchese. Like M. Chevalier, one heaves a sigh of relief: the happy ending is now in sight.

Miss Dickinson is charming, M. Chevalier, strumming on a guitar and singing whimsical little songs whimsically, is adorable—and there is a delicious performance as a peasant woman, greedy for gossip and goodies, from Mlle Georgette Anys (who, you may remember, played Mlle Leslie Caron's mother in *Fanny*).

In *The Webster Boy*, Mr. John Cassa-

vetes, an American ex-convict now in the big money, returns to England apparently to resume an affair he had with Miss Elizabeth Sellars, whom he hasn't seen for 14 years. Miss Sellars has meantime married Mr. David Farrar, has a 14-year-old son, Master Richard O'Sullivan, and is not interested in Mr. Cassavetes. Recalling that he once won a French tart by endearing himself to her dog, Mr. C. hopes to get to Miss Sellars through her son.

The results of his showering the boy with presents and visiting him at his boarding-school (quite the rummest educational establishment I've ever struck) are disastrous. A sadistic schoolmaster (ghoulishly played by Mr. Geoffrey Bayldon) assumes that the boy is really the ex-con's son, tells him so, adds "You have bad blood!"—and makes this the excuse for persecuting the wretched child unmercifully. In the end, the boy's true paternity is never established—but by that time the ludicrous dialogue had thrown me into such stitches that I couldn't care less who had sired the unfortunate brat.

BOOKS SIRIOL HUGH-JONES

AN UNOFFICIAL ROSE BY IRIS MURDOCH (CHATTO & WINDUS, 18s.) **MICKLA BENDORE** BY THE EARL OF LYTTON (MACDONALD, 16s.) **THE FOURTH OF JUNE** BY DAVID BENEDICTUS (BLOND, 18s.) **LITTLE BEAR'S VISIT** BY ELSE HOLMELUND SENDAK (WORLD'S WORK, 10s. 6d.) **WHAT'S WHERE IN LONDON** BY DENYS PARSONS (KENNETH MASON, 7s. 6d.)

That certain sound

MORE VIOLENTLY, PERHAPS, THAN ANY OTHER living writer, Miss Iris Murdoch divides the critics. Take, for instance, her latest novel, *An Unofficial Rose*, which some claim to be her finest work yet, while others shake their heads sadly and say it falls a long way behind that classic comedy, *A Severed Head*. All I can do is admire the perspicacity, the wisdom and understanding that permits of such decisions to be made so speedily and with so little doubt, since apropos Miss Murdoch's novels I am apparently the only Don't Know in existence. The wit passes me by, the characters appear curiously unreal, the symbols escape me, the sentences seem to me clumsy and the plots spun out to a point of tedium when all could have been said with speed and economy in half the space.

An Unofficial Rose is concerned with a rose nursery, a Tintoretto, two sad children and a group of adults all remorselessly and fruitlessly entangled with each other, since the beloved is always in love with somebody else. There is evidently something that currently fascinates Miss Murdoch in a ring-a-roses pattern of a number of people each stupidly and crossly pursuing the person in front, and in the motives of desire, wanting, acquisitiveness, dependence and freedom. All that really puzzles me is that the result should come out looking, to my eyes, so like the fiction equivalent of a B-picture. If Miss Murdoch's name were not on the cover . . . but that is always dangerous speculation. All I can think is that her books make some special sound to those who understand and

love them, a sound which I have not the mechanism to pick up. The other possibility is that her brand of irony is so subtle that I have so far entirely missed it. When she calls one of her characters a "well-known authoress," for instance, is this a joke at the expense of those who respect such fearful phrases and all that they imply, or is it—can it be—intended to be taken at its face value? When she writes "Then Randall took her in his arms and as her body yielded to him, faint and sighing, he began to kiss her savagely. The roses fell to the ground"—does she intend a gentle and well-mannered parody of the kind of novelette in which this kind of writing occurs, or does she actually *mean* it? By now all I can feel sure of is that she writes with astonishing fluency, that most of the women in her books will be inclined towards odious solemn bossiness, and that many of the men will exhibit slavish eagerness to be bossed, to an extent that very few of the characters ever take one's fancy. The publishers say that *An Unofficial Rose* is a "tensile, elegant, shimmering" web, which only goes to show with what a curious difference the other fellow may view the same object.

Even allowing for this being my week for total non-comprehension, *Mickla Bendore* provides the sort of bafflement I hope not to meet again too soon. It is written, as you will speedily gather from the bold capitals on the jacket and indeed on the cover itself, by the Earl of Lytton, who seems not to have a Christian name and who wrote that rather splendidly volcanic and partisan memoir of his astounding grandfather, *Wilfred Scawen Blunt*. One of Lord Lytton's ancestors was Byron, and indeed the whole of *Mickla Bendore* may well be a sardonic spoof of the grand romantic manner. Characters give voice to utterly unspeakable sentences such as "Confidence misplaced in one respect makes me wonder whether you are deserving of my trust in any other matter"; the chapter titles have a magnificence all their own—"Sir Nestor's Adultery", quickly followed by "Arthur's Treason"—and I would guess that some of the inspiration for the book was the eccentric and formidable figure of Lady Wentworth, the author's mother, a Byronic

dark-eyed beauty who lived in crumbling Gothic state and bred Arabian horses.

David Benedictus is very young, and his first novel, *The Fourth of June*, rightly demonstrates all the virtues of the very young writer—the wit, cleverness, ebullience, confidence and cheerful swank that seep away over the years and should be allowed a free run while the running is so good. *The Fourth of June*, as we must one and all know by now, is about Eton, funny, waspish, cruel and unreal on a really grand scale, heartless and more than a touch sick. It concerns a grammar school boy, a beating, several sackings, the Fourth of June celebrations, and—the cream of the book—endless conversations between the worldly and fairly world-weary young gentlemen. The plot is not too easy to follow, but plot is not what you are reading this sort of book for. The jacket, beautiful and alarming, is by that excellent *trompe l'oeil* painter Richard Chopping, and I wish more publishers would take as much trouble to get a book actually noticed in the shops.

Briefly. . . Little Bear's Visit by Else Holmelund Sendak with exquisite pictures by Maurice Sendak is the latest in the Little Bear series, for which I have an unquenchable passion. Little Bear goes on a visit to his admirable grandparents, each of whom tells him a story, and though nothing much happens—it never does in Little Bear books—a climate of fruitful, deeply affectionate and imaginative domesticity is magnificently created. . . . And lastly, Denys Parsons' *What's Where In London* is an exquisitely learned, almost unimaginable but also extremely handy guide to where to find, and if necessary buy, anything and everything in London, including blazer badges, prisms, asbestos rope, rock salt, cheesebox labels, baby sitters, Dutch gramophone records and chocolate-covered ants. I am mad about this book, both as a practical handbook and as imagination-releasing bedside-reading; part of the joy is that no sooner is one gripped by a terrible urge to dash out and buy a reasonably priced electronic organ than the greedy eye is caught by *harps, clavichords and clarsachs* (small pedal-less Celtic harps to the ignorant) and so on throughout the book, thus saving oneself a mint of money.

RECORDS GERALD LASCELLES

OUT OF THE GALLION & REALLY THE BLUES BY MEZZROW/BECHET **BOURBON STREET** BY FOUNTAIN/HIRT **MEMORIAL (VOLS. II & III)** BY LESTER YOUNG **TAKE A NUMBER FROM 1 TO 10** BY BENNY GOLSON

Reed voices

BY A STRANGE COINCIDENCE, THE TWO JAZZMEN whom I knew longest and best were the late Sidney Bechet and his close collaborator, Mezz Mezzrow. Both are exemplary reed players of the old school, Bechet best known for his soprano saxophone work, Mezzrow as a clarinetist. In 1945 Mezz set up one of the most famous record labels to have been born since the second world war—*King Jazz*. The abridged story of these memorable sessions is told by him in person between the tracks of two moving albums, *Out of the gallion* (SLP136), and *Really the blues* (SLP137). This music will live as a striking example of free improvisation on the blues, and as a most exceptional combination of reed talent, in which Mezz, a white man born of Russian parentage, absorbs and creates

every ounce of the feeling which Sidney puts into the music. Fine piano solos by Sammy Price can also be heard in this set, which will reveal still further aspects of the pure jazz style in later volumes.

The saga of New Orleans' Bourbon Street, now a thoroughly commercialized section of the city, like Paris's Montmartre or London's Soho, is hardly enhanced by the stereotyped jazz that clarinetist Pete Fountain and trumpeter Al Hirt turn out in their latest album (SVL3021). This is pseudo-Dixieland music, which comes close to being a destructive influence on jazz.

I was surprised to read a recent quote from no less a musical figurehead than Yehudi Menuhin that he was interested in jazz as a phenomenon, but knew little about it. This may be a way of passing off the incredibly rapid and occasionally illogical development which jazz has made in the past 30 years, but it is no way in which one great soloist should dismiss another, albeit in a different medium, particularly if he opts to disregard jazz as an art. To you, Mr. Menuhin, whom I admire and respect, I can humbly suggest that you listen to the two volumes of the *Lester Young Memorial* (Sonet SLP29/30), which present some of the most interesting jazz solos from the important transition period in the late '40s. His ideas of improvisation have carried jazz

beyond the two-dimensional theories accepted by the New Orleans men, into a sphere where harmonic and rhythmic progressions melt into one brilliant single-minded approach. Lester died before his time, but let no one delude himself that his imprint was not bequeathed to the generation of reedmen who followed him. The only phenomenon, in the sense that Mr. Menuhin means, is that Young played so much worthwhile jazz in such a short spell of years.

Tenor players can be found by the dozen in jazz today, mostly playing in the slick ephemeral thin-toned style. It is therefore pleasant to welcome back to the true jazz school such a warm-toned musician as Benny Golson, a former prodigy of an earlier Gillespie band. In his new album, *Take a number from 1 to 10* (NJL40), he adopts the unconventional course of playing the first track absolutely solo—no mean feat for any reed player—and progressively adding one band member to each track until he reaches the full count of ten. Few soloists would dare subject themselves to such an exacting test today, when there are such easy opportunities to hide their shortcomings behind the conventional group's support. Benny's set reveals him as a musician extraordinary, and one whose voice will be raised long and loud after most of his contemporaries have blown themselves to extinction.

GALLERIES ROBERT WRAIGHT

BRITISH SELF PORTRAITS ARTS COUNCIL GALLERY
THE SEA CRANE KALMAN GALLERY

Lay these ghosts

A LONG TIME AGO (THAT'S MY EXCUSE FOR forgetting the details) I read of a famous painter—was it Sickert?—who, while at the Tate Gallery, came face to face with a huge painting by G. F. Watts that was so dark that all he could see was his own reflection in the glass and the title *Death & Hope*, or somesuch, beneath it. Thereupon he fled in horror from the building.

A similar thing (or, rather, two similar things) happened to me when I went to see the Arts Council's show of British Self Portraits c. 1580-c. 1860 last week. When I came to picture No. 7, which the catalogue said was a portrait of Sir Peter Lely, I saw only a frighteningly ghoul-like reflection of me. And the same thing happened again when I reached No. 29, the noble portrait of Sir Joshua Reynolds on loan from the Academy.

The hanging of glazed pictures in any gallery is always a problem, but at the Arts Council, where none of the rooms is designed for showing pictures, the problem must remain an insoluble one unless some major alterations are made. In fact few pictures, glazed or unglazed, can be seen at their best there, which is a pity because the Council's exhibitions are always worth seeing. The present one is no exception.

Self-portrait painting is a fascinating business to the layman who feels that there is some sort of mystique about it. Those art critics who are not artists are often also suckers for the mystique stuff. One of them, for example, writes of the Charles Keene portrait (No. 82) that it

shows "the intense stare of one concentrating upon his image in a mirror, and *wrestling with his soul*" (my italics)! Anyone who has ever painted himself, however, will know that Keene was simply struggling to get that damned left eyeball right.

"The British are inveterate self-portraitists—as if they required continually to demonstrate that the painter's role becomes them," writes Lawrence Gowing, himself a painter, in the introduction to the catalogue. It is an accurate measure of most of the portraits here, for most of the artists represented were primarily professional portrait painters, a class of men not particularly noted for their depth of feeling. They face themselves with a scrutiny no more searching than that they bring to bear upon their clients, and often have no more scruples about introducing a bit of self-flattery than they would have about flattering a wealthy client's plain wife.

No need then to take them too seriously. Try instead the game I found myself playing—putting words into their mouths. Obviously Reynolds, joking about his own affliction in his *Portrait of the painter as a deaf man* (No. 30) is saying sharply, "Eh? What d'you say? Speak up, man." And in his last self-portrait, *The artist in old age* (No. 31) he is asking, "Good heavens, is that really me?"

Then there is old Raeburn looking at himself incredulously (No. 54) and exclaiming, "I don't believe it!" And Richard Westall in similar circumstances (No. 59) groaning, "I must be mad." Handsome William Etty, presenting his profile to the canvas (No. 73), says, "This is my best side," and the pseudo-cavalierly Thomas Barker of Bath, twisting his neck to look over his own shoulder (No. 60), exclaims, "Oh, it's you again." I am still wondering what poor, tortured-looking Augustus Leopold Egg (No. 80) is writing at that table in the garret with the bits of babies' washing hanging over his head. Is it a suicide

note or just his income-tax return?

At his gallery in the Brompton Road enterprising young Mr. Andras Kalman has assembled a wholly delightful show of pictures of sea subjects. There is evidently something (besides the ozone) about the sea that brings out the best in painters. It may be that the basic simplicity of the elemental scene with its infinite variety of compositions made simply by moving the horizon up or down (or right off the canvas as in Sickert's *Bathers, Dieppe*) makes it impossible for any but a bad artist to fail. Whatever the truth may be, there are only successes, big and small, here, whether they be by lifelong devotees of the sea (Boudin, Jongkind, Signac and the naïf Alfred Wallis), part-time devotees (Monet, Marquet, Permeke, Guillaumin) or those who go down to the sea only on trips (Daubigny, Bomberg, Josef Herman, L. S. Lowry).



Bathers, Dieppe, by W. R. Sickert, at the Crane Kalman Gallery exhibition, "The Sea"

Scent-a Summer

GOOD LOOKS BY ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON

HINTS ON HIGH SUMMER SCENTS—warm, musky, sometimes sultry tones that hang about on a warm day.

Drowsy with warmth: Weil's Zibeline with its penetrating mixture of flowers and a musky note of ambergris. And isn't it romantic to dance in a cloud of Guerlain's L'heure Bleu with the echoing notes of spice, fruit and musk plus a tinge of orange blossom?

Sweet, sweet successful scents are the often overlooked Elysées by Balmain (English women pounce on Jolie Madame but Elysées is the popular one

in France) which manages to be both spicy and crisp with floral backgrounds. Femme and black lace go together. That's all you need to know about the prettiest scent on sale. From Rochas too comes Madame Rochas which has just appeared in a lighter eau de cologne for summer living. It's fizzily light and elegant. Sortilège by Le Galion is a dry, exclusive sort of smell that deserves to be worn by more Englishwomen because it goes equally well with tweeds or tiara.

The gold canister for the

parfum de toilette is specially intelligent because it wards off the biggest enemy of scent—light. Diorissimo is a bunch of heady summer flowers and it's specially nice to splash on a flower border in summer. Patou's Môme Supreme isn't so expensive as Joy but comes pretty near it with its slightly spicy blend of 108 natural flower essences. Icy contrast to all this is the last in the line-up—Guerlain's eau de cologne Imperiale with the prettiest possible old looking bottle plus tassel.

When scent tasting at the

beauty counter, be prepared to go back more than once before making a choice. Try not to sample more than three at a time because anything over this just confuses the nose. Rub the tester on pulse points well away from each other—either wrist, the crook of an elbow. And hold the cup of the hand over it for a few seconds to conserve the bouquet. Last word: try and take the testers into some fresh air—beauty counters tend to be a mass of confusing flavours. Keep scent off clothes and pearls too, it ruins them.



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DINING IN

Helen Burke

Fish dish with everything

ONE LEARNS MUCH ABOUT what people like to eat from those who ask for recipes, especially for more or less formal occasions. Just before Easter, for instance, a woman press officer for one of London's leading hotels telephoned to me asking for an idea for a party she was giving for 36 people on Good Friday, stipulating "It must be fish." After a moment of surprise that she should need to approach me about this, I recovered sufficiently to ask what kind of kitchen facilities she had—cooker, containers and the like. Everything was meagre. So, finally, we thinned down from expensive sea trout to one of the easiest and almost the most tasty fish dish, with everything in it for simplicity of serving—potatoes, tomatoes, sauce, the lot. A FISH PIE.

For what reason it has been called a "pie," I do not know. There is no pastry nor is there a potato topping in shepherd's pie style.

Only last week, I heard from her. It appears that her pie was a tremendous success and that though she cannot cook (her own remark) she has now the reputation of being a fabulous cook. I cannot do better than set down the recipe here, because it is likely that this old supper favourite is not known to some of the younger generation. For a busy business executive it is really very simple. Everything can be assembled in advance, stored in the refrigerator until required, but taken out and left at room temperature for an hour or so before being used.

About the best fish of all for this dish is delicately smoked haddock, but she settled for 12 lb. of haddock and 12 lb. of cod. I see no reason why equal quantities of the two fishes should not be used by anyone. The main thing is to use enough smoked haddock to contribute its delicious flavour to the dish which, for a supper party for the young, could not be bettered—for the hostess-cook, at any rate. In the following recipe, however, no cod is included.

For six persons, the main ingredients are 5 to 6 lb. of smoked haddock, 2 lb. of slightly underdone boiled potatoes and 2 lb. of sliced skinned tomatoes, English ones for preference.

Well wash the haddock. Cover it with cold water and milk, half-&-half, bring slowly to the

boil, then simmer for 2 to 3 minutes. Strain and save the stock. When cool enough, divide the fish into mouth-sized pieces, rather than flaking it, discarding skin and bones. Well butter a large oven-dish, about 3 to 4 inches deep. Put a layer of the sliced potatoes in it, then one of tomatoes, then one of fish. Repeat, finishing with a layer of fish.

Meanwhile, melt 1½ oz. of butter in a saucepan and, in it, cook a finely chopped shallot to the translucent stage. Work in 1½ oz. of flour and cook for a minute or so. Remove and stir in 1½ to 1¾ pint of the strained stock. Bring to the boil and simmer, while stirring, to cook the flour. This sauce should be of thin pouring consistency.

Taste and add a few grains of Cayenne and, if necessary, a little salt, though it is unlikely that this will be required. Pour this into the dish, allow it to soak through, then sprinkle the top with 1 to 2 oz. of grated cheese—Parmesan, Caerphilly or dryish Cheddar. Place in the oven, heated to 375 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 5 to heat through and brown the top. Before it is completely brown, trickle about an ounce of melted butter over it.

Here are some suggested additions which this dish will take very well: a small packet (frozen), or jar, of shrimps or prawns; or 4 oz. of small white mushrooms, sliced and cooked, covered, in a walnut of butter, a teaspoon of lemon juice and a tablespoon of water. Boil hard for 2 minutes. Drain. Make a layer of the mushrooms in the dish and add their stock to the sauce. The addition of a tablespoon of dry sherry to the sauce might be appreciated by some but, frankly, this smoked fish dish does not call for such treatment. But by all means enrich the sauce with a little cream.

Another delicious fish presentation is GRILLED HALIBUT STEAK: dot the steak with butter and grill it in the usual way. Half-way through the cooking add to the grill pan a handful or two of tiny mushrooms and a little water, and complete cooking. Spoon some canned Nantua sauce over the halibut and stir the remainder into the just-cooked mushrooms. Place under the grill again to set the sauce on the fish. Serve with dry cooked rice or short macaroni, with the mushrooms and sauce poured over it.

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THIRTY YEARS AGO, WHEN THE 30/98 WAS AT the height of its fame, Vauxhall was a name to be conjured with in the field of fast motoring. Today remaining specimens are the prized pets of veteran car enthusiasts, worth almost as much as the £1,150 which the 30/93 Velox tourer of 1928 originally cost. Many things have happened since the Vauxhall Iron Works were set up in London's Wandsworth Road in 1857. The first car came out of them in 1903, and production had expanded to 76 a year when, in 1905, the directors decided they must move to the wide open spaces of Luton in Bedfordshire. Eight years later came the first appearance of the 30/98 Vauxhall, which could lap Brooklands at 100 m.p.h.

Such distinguished ancestry has produced the new 4/90, a hotted-up model of the Victor which is within measurable distance of being a 100-mile-an-hour car. It is powered by a 1.5 litre, 4-cylinder engine basically the same as that of the Victor, but with various modifications such as a light alloy cylinder head with eight separate ports and compression ratio stepped up to 9.3 to 1. There are two carburettors and a special camshaft that increases the period during which the valves are open; their effect is to make the engine of the 4/90 produce 81 b.h.p. at 5,200 r.p.m., compared with 56.3 at 4,600 of the Victor. To stand up to the extra horses there is a stouter

crankshaft and sturdier main bearings.

Understandably the VX 4/90 travels at a brisker pace than the model from which it was evolved—on M1 I constantly had the speedometer needle flickering into the 90's, cruising speed is a comfortable 70 to 75 m.p.h. Transmission incorporates the four speed gearbox, with synchromesh on all ratios, that is fitted as an extra to the ordinary Victor, and its centrally placed change speed lever is a delight to use. It is true that one must make full use of the gearbox to get the best out of the engine, for its design makes it a revver rather than a puller. But the type of customer for the 4/90 will not, I think, object to this. Well handled, it is a model with a great flair for covering the ground; nothing overtook me while I drove it.

There are subtle differences in the appearance of this sporty version of the Victor, compared with its parent. The grille at the front has vertical instead of horizontal bars and there is a "flash" of contrasting colour along the body sides. The interior is smart and well finished, with bucket seats adjustable not only for reach but also for height. Equipment is lavish and includes a rev. counter, heater and ventilator and screen washer. Safety belt anchorages are built in and there is a centre armrest to the rear seats. Only four greasing points need attention throughout the



entire car—all on the front suspension—and then at no more than 12,000 mile intervals (one must, however, change the engine oil filter at half that distance, and the oil itself every 3,000 miles). Price: £928 including tax.

Last week I tried the latest long-range car ferry that Channel Air Bridge put into operation this year. The flight (Southend—Strasbourg) takes two hours 20 minutes, and the Carvair aircraft which operate these ferries are an ingenious adaptation of the DC4, with four engines; half a dozen cars and 22 passengers can be accommodated. The rate for a Mini-Minor is as little as £7 (£15 10s. for a Vauxhall Victor or similar sized car), single, and passenger fare is £27 return to Strasbourg (£24 3s. mid-week 23-day excursion). The service operates every day, leaving Southend at 9.20 a.m. and the distance one is saved driving is 435 miles, or 870 on the round trip. The other routes are to Basle and Geneva.



Top: The new Vauxhall 4/90. Above: the interior; bucket seats are adjustable for reach and height and there are built-in safety belt anchorages



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ROSES AND ROSE GROWING *G. S. Fletcher*

Summer schedule

OF THE MANY VARIETIES THE first crop of roses in June is the finest, and with others, particularly the old-fashioned varieties, the only crop. That is why Robert Herrick wrote: *Gather ye rosebuds while ye may Old Time is still a-flying.*

Though addressed to unmarried ladies, it is also true in a literal sense. In his day, the season of roses was short, almost entirely confined to the month of June. The advent of the Hybrid Teas in the 1860s changed all that, and some of the recent introductions last until the late autumn.

However, while June is the time for rose growers to take pleasure in the results of their labours, there are several points that need attention. One is disbudding, essential if exhibition quality of bloom is required or where, as in standard roses, really fine blooms are especially important. Varieties vary in the way the buds are formed, but in general the pattern is the same—a large central and two smaller side buds. These side buds

must be removed if shapely roses are to be obtained, and it is best to nip them off cleanly with a sharp penknife or a small pair of scissors, rather than tearing the unwanted buds off with the fingers. Well established roses can be mulched, not only to provide nourishment, but also to prevent the evaporation of moisture from the roots. The mulch should not touch the rose stems—as this is an encouragement to the formation of briars. It should not be slapped on the soil like a poultice but lightly and carefully forked in when the top couple of inches of soil have been forked over and after weeds have been removed. Watering with weak liquid manure will be a great help to roses, and if the weather is dry the surface of the ground must be kept well hoed to conserve the moisture in the soil and to prevent caking. It is well, though, to remember not to use the hoe too vigorously, for you must be very careful when hoeing near the bushes to avoid damage to the roots, as this, like too closely applied mulching, makes suckers form.

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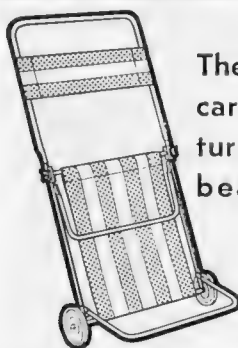
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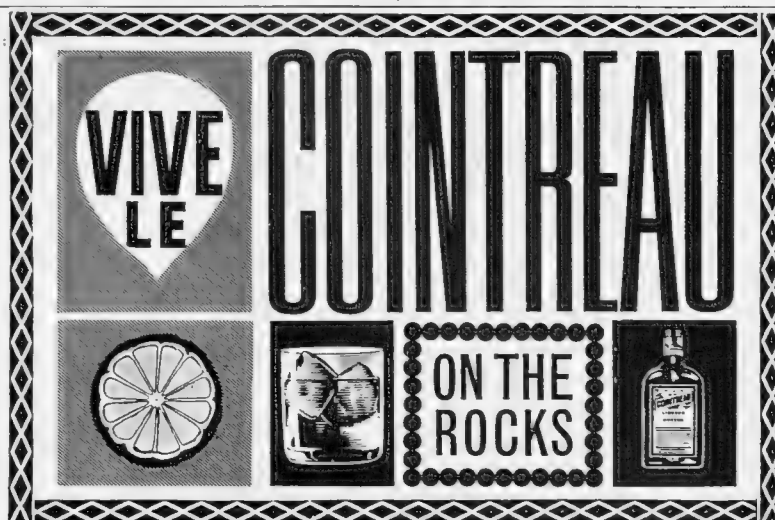


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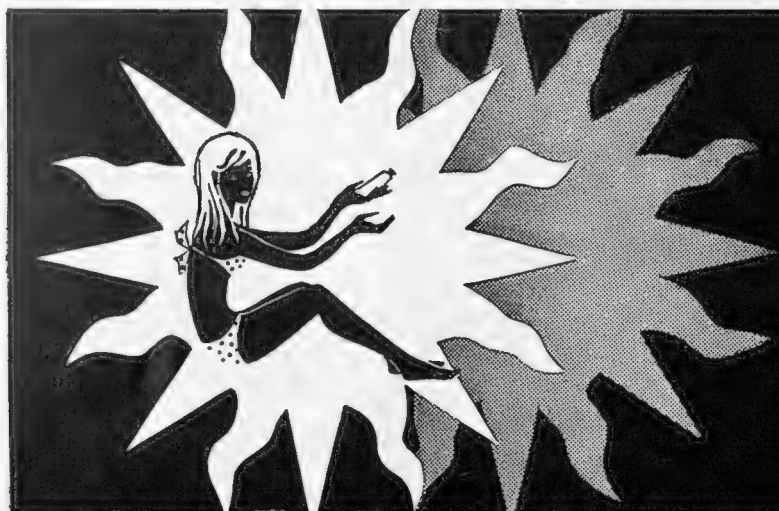
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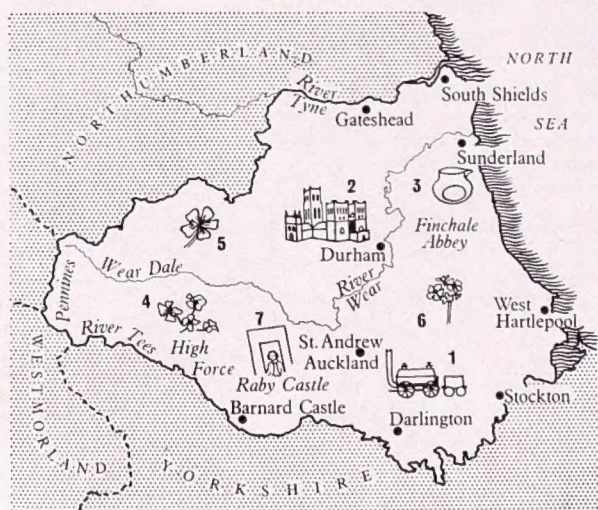


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Shell guide to DURHAM




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